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[illegible] OF TECUMSEH TOWNSHIP

by

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Chapter 1

Green Roots

The Industrial Revolution in Great Britain the meagre living obtained by the dour Highlanders upon the bleak hills of Northern Scotland the poor potato crops of Ireland have all contributed to the great influx of settlers into our Township of Tecumseh in the early part of the nineteenth century In fact what is now the County of Simcoe was entirely wilderness although some three a century had elapsed since the founding of Quebec and early trading posts in the northern portion It was in 1719 that approximately one-third of the Selkirk Settlement in Manitoba driven out by the stern winters and the desultory strife between the North-West and Hudson Bay Trading Companies trekked eastward and took up land on the third fourth and fifth concessions of West Gwillimbury Township County of Simcoe approximately thirty-five miles north of Muddy York It is one now enterprising and prosperous Scotch Settlement Just to the west of this settlement and in the same year James Manning and John Cromwell took up land Lot 24 on either side of the sixth concession line claiming as the north side Cromwell on the south Cromwell also obtained grant of Lot 23 next to Manning s holding In fact this Lot 23 might through from the fifth to the tenth concession line was at one time held by some members of the Cromwell clan It is then with these early pioneer settlement in the southern portion of Tecumseh Township that we are herewith concerned and in the main these lives the events and some amusing incidents that occurred

Imagine then the entire area as one of primeval forest In fact a dense wilderness We do know that the Red Man had roamed and had sojourned in the area Various stone tools pipes and arrow-heads attest to this fact Indian graves and

burial grounds have been discovered but no white man has ever dwelt therein. Huge oak trees luxuriated on the heavy clay land east of Penville. Large pines five feet in diameter grew on the lighter soil to the east whilst on the creek or bottom land tall and stately elms predominated. Maples were everywhere, ash, birch, basswood and ironwood were interspersed. In fact about thirty different varieties were to be found. Bear, lynx, fox and other species of wild animals inhabited the forest.

It was there to this forest wilderness that Manning Cornwell and the succeeding pioneers had come to carve out homes for their wives and families. For this they had given up their twenty or thirty acre holdings in Northern Ireland, their crofts and shielings in Northern Scotland. They left behind their own kith and kin. With what nostalgia did they leave behind their vision of the heather and gorse covered moorlands, but they took lead memories with them. It was indeed a great adventure.

In 1820 John Colley settled upon Lot 22 adjoining Cornwell's Lot 23 and here in the same year and on the original log home Tecumseh's first white child, Richard, was born. Now we have had five generations of Colleys where the eldest male child has always borne the name Richard. Mr. John Colley was of Cornish ancestry and was a Peninsular War veteran. He pounded his wheat into meal in a hollowed oak stump near the Cornwell line fence. The stump remained as a testimonial to the early pioneers until well after the turn of the century.

Farther south on the third concession line Robert Clark settled and his name goes down in history as being the builder and the possessor of the first farm wagon in Tecumseh. It is related how he took the first load of wheat to Muddy York (now Toronto). He had hoped to bring home some tea as a surprise for his wife and family. Flour, salt and some calico he did bring back but there was no tea. How disappointed he was.

Near by the little settlement of Dunkerron sprang up. They were mostly of North of Ireland stock but several of the Quaker Faith had come over from the States. A little

Meeting house [illegible] 3 a [illegible] tachs spo the tombstones [illegible] way trip to the memory of those [illegible] other communities were in existence by [illegible] fth concession grew and was at [illegible] community within the Township [illegible] ston Railway West through from [illegible] tte [illegible] 3-ates [illegible] ville [illegible] the only Township [illegible] argument would be engaged [illegible] the various stores [illegible] were often [illegible] politics would take over and often [illegible] argument on the store would [illegible] at cuffs upon one occasion [illegible] a certain pioneer revealed [illegible] knuckles to his adversary and said Brown [illegible] if you don't [illegible] they are so hard as nails just come outside and outside they went

Just to the north of the village and on the old [illegible] farm the [illegible] Methodist preacher Black had a meeting house built in the early [illegible] and shortly after farther south the Presbyterians established [illegible] with its adjoining cemetery Early settlers in the [illegible] area included familiar names such as [illegible] Auerman Pennfield [illegible] and Williams So important a center had it become a [illegible] road was put through both north and south connecting with the Lloydtown-Toronto road

Even before the [illegible] community was established two sturdy North of Ireland pioneers had taken up land in the vicinity of what is now the village of Tottenham In 1 [illegible] John Totten possessed the crown deed of the north half of lot 4 concession 3 [illegible] later became known as the Lyons Farm A little later one of the Tottens erected a store on the property and at the crossroads The [illegible] village was of course named Tottenham after its first pioneer [illegible] in [illegible] 23 [illegible] Tegart a native of [illegible] County [illegible] built himself a log home on lot [illegible] concession 4 one mile east of Tottenham [illegible] had but one or no [illegible] money depleted he trekked south and worked out for three months in the Toronto Gore area [illegible] his earnings he purchased another ox

[illegible] was fo[illegible] [illegible] have be[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] et [illegible] the w[illegible] [illegible] Cemetery. T[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] he believed to be his [illegible]

Other settlers gave [illegible] [illegible] to this area. The [illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] Milanes [illegible] and [illegible] to the [illegible] east [illegible] at 3 Concession 3. The first [illegible] the Township was built of logs [illegible] the [illegible] by Squire [illegible] [illegible] on the eighth concession.

By the time [illegible] ity had been established at [illegible] and [illegible] Francis [illegible] Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada) [illegible] part in [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] one mile west the Rev [illegible] erected a church and rectory. [illegible] was [illegible] man [illegible] [illegible] giant as well [illegible] over [illegible] on horseback ministering to the spiritual [illegible] of the early pioneers. [illegible] famous in the [illegible] and [illegible] of medicine achieved world wide fame [illegible] flour and feed mills [illegible] [illegible] for a short time [illegible] doctor was [illegible] practice here. [illegible] been [illegible] General in the [illegible] Cabinet.

Patrick [illegible] settled in the early thirties on the [illegible] town [illegible] the hamlet of [illegible] origin [illegible] Browne from [illegible] erecte

woollen mill and for a time did a thriving business. Hughes later moved to Tottenham and established a private bank. His son L C Hughes published the Sentinel. Henry Holmes dammed the creek that meandered north on the western fringe of the village. On the resultant pond he established a thriving milling and chopping business. The great mill wheel was still in use in the early nineteen thirties. Brown, Ileen, Aikens, Greenaway and McDermott were but a few of the names of the early settlers. Joe Nolan was Tottenham's first Reeve.

Over south on the eighth concession line and on the western fringe of the great swamp farms were established by Brownley, Cook, Tennell, Gill, Keenan, McCarthy and Wight. Feather, East, Cross, Dunham, Robinson, Smith and McDermott settled and so in between these two settlements and extending north to the ninth concession line there grew up the village of Clarksville named after Robert Clark the first blacksmith. Later the name was changed to Beeton to do honour to the great D A Jones who introduced the Bee Industry in the Dominion procuring his first colony of Bees in Italy. Jones' bees became famous; the honey was of first quality.

Great rivalry existed between the villages of Beeton and Tottenham right down to the close of the century. On either side of the G T R tracks and just south of the Corporation of Tottenham there grew the most luxuriant sweet clover. While attending school at Tottenham in the early 1900s and roaming the race course endeavouring to emulate the great Tom Longboat I enquired "How come so much sweet clover?" "Oh that, D A Jones of Beeton planted it. In going to and from Toronto he carried the seed in his greatcoat pockets and broadcasted it from the train windows for the benefit of Beeton and the Jones bees and to the detriment of Tottenham." For in those days sweet clover was considered to be a horrible weed and an eye-sore. Perhaps then too the fine quality of the Jones honey was in no small measure due to the clover nourished on Tottenham's high and well drained soil. However that may be, D A Jones really did have the welfare of Beeton at heart. He planned the streets and the park grounds; he too planted the maples that make it so beautiful. He also helped to establish the fine water system which was

further developed and preserved by T A Chapman

It has now been established that in this the southeast portion of the Township Cramwell and Manning were the first settlers that Richard Coffey was the first white child born therein the first burial was on 1 Tegart Cemetery the first school was Healing the first church Bond Head Anglican; also that the three Rs were first taught by Louise Ramsay He too performed the first marriage ceremony uniting Margaret Kidd and Henry Neale both of [illegible] Township The various communities had now passed the formative stage

Prior to the building of the railways Penville and Bond Head were the all important centers In the Township Hall at Penville many important public meetings were held and many a heated discussion took place Perhaps no meeting was more momentous than that addressed by William Lyon McKenzie just prior to the rebellion of 36 and 37 Lloyd town had been a rallying point for his supporters They drilled there using it is said loaves of bread for target practice but at Penville the meeting was early broken up the loyalists were in the great majority

Chapter 2

Incidentally

With the building of the railway Beeton and Tottenham thrived and Penville and Bond Head declined Penville perhaps the more quickly In regard to Penville a [illegible] in 1920 while passing through the hamlet with a load of sheaf oats we (my father and I) were hailed by an elderly resident who with his son James was tearing down one of Penville s three old taverns Looking back with regret upon the decline of his beloved Penville John said Do you know Geordie (my father) soon there ll be nothing left here on Penville but [illegible] But I am glad to say some forty years later that Penville is still on the map

Poli[illegible] [illegible] very [illegible]iously by the early pioneers. The [illegible] settlers and the [illegible] were particularly [illegible] eager to uphold the Crown and the British connection [illegible] have mentioned the enthusiasm [illegible] hall when the rebellion came to a head [illegible] was seized in this the southern portion of the Township [illegible] company marched down the eighth concess[illegible] from Beeton and another down the fifth. They were to meet [illegible] and continue east over the corduroy ro[illegible] to Bradford [illegible] Landing. As the company proceeded [illegible] certain [illegible] carrying a [illegible] top of the [illegible] house [illegible] by [illegible]. One of the [illegible] Apparently [illegible] high [illegible] for [illegible] Who knows? [illegible] the trigger [illegible] private [illegible] the muzzle upwards [illegible] overhead [illegible] a bevy of blackbirds [illegible] the bullet. By the time they reached Yonge Street [illegible] word of the rout of [illegible] at Montgomery Tavern reached them and so they returned to [illegible] homes knowing that the country was safe again.

Later at the time of the Fenian [illegible]rising [illegible] 66 a public meeting was held [illegible] the first log school at [illegible] Feeling waxed strong [illegible] Tory saying to a rebel sympathiser [illegible] ye auld rebelly [illegible] to your auld rotten bedsteads ([illegible] made furniture and small implements) [illegible] hastily.

This enthusiasm [illegible] through the seventies and eighties [illegible] even to the [illegible] century [illegible] 6 and just prior to the [illegible] election the Tories nominated [illegible]ghton Lennox [illegible] coming young barrister who every morning drove a [illegible] team of bays seven miles to his Barrie office. [illegible] of [illegible] who had lost out at the convention to Lennox decided to run as an Independent [illegible] would suggest him as would a goodly number of Church and Tory friends. [illegible] was at hand [illegible] six or seven Tories standing outside the [illegible] (Liberal) (for [illegible] to patronize a liberal [illegible] Tory) suddenly saw a runaway horse and buggy come pell-mell down [illegible] street from the west. It was an old [illegible] buggy with tires loose

one line over the dash the [illegible] o t to the almot I can stop it t at stop it [illegible] Tory stalwart said putting one foot over the ta [illegible] he proceeded to do so when another six foot grasped his shoulder saying Stop stop it [illegible] let it go to [illegible] and I suppose it did [illegible] horse belonged to the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel who though a Tory was supporting [illegible]mmel In this case the horse proved to be a better Tory than his master [illegible] won the election by a narrow margin Lennox was elected shortly after to the Dominion House In later years he served as Justice of the Supreme Court

Upon another occasion an elector trudged over a hundred miles from beyond Owen Sound to tender his vote [illegible] ll win [illegible] ll win he exulted What the farmers' branches come at you're bound to win

What a sturdy stock they were these early pioneers of Tecumseh And how well did the second and third generations emulate their forbears The early settlers felled the trees built log homes cleared the land sowed and garnered bounteous crops on the [illegible] clearings [illegible] reared the young (families of [illegible] common) brought water from the nearest spring spun the cloth and yes even sometimes they helped with the crops They also inspired their families high ideals by example and precept The second and third generations carried on they enlarged the clearings took out stumps made lime in kilns and from the surplus wood charcoal In early spring they tapped the maples and made syrup and sugar from the sap and [illegible] those goodies for the next twelve months food [illegible] for the Gods on Mount Olympus [illegible] nectar and honey The log houses were superseded by eight and ten roomed [illegible] brick dwellings and huge bank barns replaced the earlier log structures Neighbours helped one another and a wonderful social life was maintained within the community

The population peak was reached during the sixties and seventies and [illegible] the building of the [illegible] railway [illegible] were occupied by wagon [illegible] mill-sights

carpenters blacksmiths and other craftsmen Teenagers stayed at home no huge institutes or department stores no theatres in fact no city lights to lure them away from the farm A strenuous yet satisfying life it was Looking back from the 1960s it seems almost the ideal community life the country dances the church social the quilting bee the spelling match and debate held in the local school house all played their part in keeping the community life wholesome Numerous orange lodges sprung up in this community of patriotic citizens many being of Ulster stock Meetings were held at Mt Pleasant in 1 45 and soon no less were organized at Banvalla Beaton Tottenham Bend Beef and Rich Hill Also there was Royer Lodge held at Lot 5 concession seven

Chapter 3

And the Pioneers Came

Children all down the decades delight to listen to stories both those founded on fact and those entirely fictitious The art of story-telling is fast dying out Television and radio reign supreme In the 60s and 70s each community had its chief storyteller At this period many children from neighbouring homes delighted to hear Dan McCurdy (Lot 11 Concession 5) spin his yarns This sturdy pioneer whose great endurance and zest for life was bubbling over found an outlet in story-telling so on weekends many boys and yes sometimes girls would gather round the huge stone fireplace and would listen wide eyed and with mouths agape to their idol old Dan Some of his yarns concerned his wonderful black and white mottle dog Bendy The hound was white white as black Two of them went something like this

Bendy was by all odds the best cattle dog in the entire neighbourhood he would drive the cows over as carefully yet when they started off in the wrong direction he

Chapter 4

Pioneering

[illegible] the most [illegible] had been superseded by the [illegible] mouldboard plow [illegible] it was that Square Ramsay [illegible] wheat into flour. There were [illegible] small streams on horseback [illegible] to the mills. Leading mills [illegible] water power was used. The reaper and the [illegible] mower was produced. The flail used so [illegible] the threshing the grain was laid aside and only used on [illegible] wet weather for the threshing of peas. [illegible] was the cutting of feed and threshing by horsepower. Horses secured to the arms of the horsepower going around in a circle, the spindles revolving, the jack [illegible] and making a deafening noise. Then came the horse engine and by the close of the century the traction engine.

As community life expanded neighbours helped one another at logging bees, barn [illegible], harvest time and at threshings. Before the date of the accustomed bee a supply of grog was usually obtained and so John Barley-Corn played its part in keeping life from getting too monotonous.

Josh and Betty, who lived in a little log house on Lot 10 just south of the sixth concession line, were going to have a [illegible] bee, so they must needs get in a supply of cheer. Down to [illegible] they trudged this certain afternoon, returning just after dark. They took turns in shouldering the small keg. Oh but it was a dark night. But they were nearly home now for there was the tall Lombardy Poplar on the left, just another quarter mile. But there, what was that? Something white darted from behind the tree, an apparition perhaps. Josh bore the keg just

then It [illegible] ghost Betty he shouted [illegible] tan Men do their [illegible] herewithal for family [illegible] tles sex that come to [illegible] as here Betty was th[illegible] It s [illegible] Father was wrapped [illegible] stic and so saved the [illegible] and the keg for the [illegible]

[illegible] came [illegible] himself in Bradford stony-broke and [illegible] habit of the settlers of getting in a [illegible] was held He made the rounds of t[illegible] To each proprietor in turn he sai[illegible] taste a large bee or the [illegible] of several kegs He would like the very best [illegible] a taste I would know if it would suit Here have a taste and each proprietor placed before Jack a glassful and as he became full the [illegible] happy too [illegible] was a particularly good ploughman below especially useful when ploughing around pine stumps He got the [illegible] break up fewer plough shares the any man [illegible] horses being [illegible] every cattle [illegible] When [illegible] The trouble with Jack was that at [illegible] times he got very thirsty and when the thirst [illegible] would unhitch the team sometimes leaving them at the stable door and away he would hasten to the nearest tavern On this occasion he [illegible] near midnight of the same day Instead of going directly to [illegible] own [illegible] he went [illegible] that of his employer [illegible] he [illegible] and prayed God bless father [illegible] bless mother God bless [illegible] (a brother) God bless our [illegible] his favourite [illegible]) and bless Geordie [illegible] (his [illegible]) [illegible] God bless [illegible] Tom Here he stopped short [illegible] himself

[illegible] - a circus had come to Bradford indeed a very good circus for these early times The proprietor

of the inn when the circus personnel stayed noticed there was no camel in the show. It was a rainy day and many customers were in. "I see you have no camel - maybe I could help," said the proprietor to the circus manager. "You mean to say you could get me a camel?" "Well we'll see," said the hotel man. "Come with me." and all hands eagerly followed to the stable. Entering a box-stall and brushing some straw carefully away he revealed a hump. Only a dromedary (a one hump camel). Some more brushing revealed a humpback patron who was quietly sleeping it off. Of course the circus manager was taken in. "All right boys the drinks are on me," and he treated all hands.

Actually a Mr. J. B. Walker, sometime merchant of Tottenham, crated a man in a merchandise box and had him shipped to a friend in Bradford via Allandale. Enough for John Barley-Corn.

Tests of endurance and skill were common. A cradler and binder would commence at a corner of a field, so far behind another pair and so on, each pair taking a swath of a certain width. Often as they worked they would sing snatches of a song or would repeat some favourite verse. "The boy stood on the burning deck" and "Bingen on the Rhine" were the favourites of one champion team. Eats and drink would be brought out to the field. Often they would work on till black dark.

At barn raisings too there was always great excitement. Sides would be chosen by the two captains. These all would cooperate until the bents were up. With the command "Heave" the men would lift on the timbers in unison and when they were up a few feet the pikes would be sunk into the timbers, several men to each pole. The captains would shout "Heave, Heave, Steady lads, All together now" and soon No. 1 bent would be up. This was repeated until all were up, then the race was really on. With amazing speed the purlin plates and other timbers were put in place and then came the rafters. First one side would have the advantage, then the other. Sometimes an accident would occur, a pike or heavy weight fall on a man running the

timbers high up [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] tor was generally in attendance [illegible] [illegible] tered to any injured. As soon as [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] their task they would give three [illegible] [illegible] scramble down and make for the table [illegible] [illegible] the lawn) loaded with good things [illegible] [illegible] t dancing and other merriment was [illegible] [illegible] small hours.

Individual [illegible] [illegible] exploits were [illegible]. John Mi[illegible] [illegible] purchased a sugar kettle and trudged home [illegible] [illegible] tles to Lot 10 Concession 3 carry[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Paddy Ferrell quite a little ma[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] mouldboard plow over his shoulders [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] holding near the [illegible] townline south west of [illegible] [illegible] of the Martin clan known familiarly as Good [illegible] [illegible] expression he used that was a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] years in the old country] was known for [illegible] [illegible] the champion cordwood cutter. Then [illegible] there [illegible] [illegible] small of stature never weighing more than 1[illegible] lbs [illegible] would shoulder with one hand a bag of peas 2 1/2 bu[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that while standing [illegible] a bushel [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] bend his knees. Also there was the good woma[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the long delayed return of her husband [illegible] [illegible] load [illegible] dressed pork to Toronto. She [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the Peacock Inn (West Toronto) [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and had him when she had taken to [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible] safely at home on the Notrow.

Ch[illegible]

[illegible] have some th[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] interest taken [illegible] politics on the Dominion [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] just a few words concerning [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] township had its own governing body – [illegible] [illegible] deputy [illegible] three councillors. Road work in the early 90s was done under the Pathmaster

system It was now [illegible] system was [illegible] some had [illegible] were not enough Favoritism was [illegible] the council passed [illegible] over each of the [illegible] the road work Modern standards [illegible] ratepayer Taxes went up and [illegible] from some of the electors [illegible] asked The same system prevails to [illegible]

Other [illegible] and divided the electorate there [illegible] on It was thought that there [illegible] school in the township and Totts [illegible] tied to it Beeton likewise [illegible] the issue so at the meeting [illegible] a clear division of public opinion on [illegible] north of the [illegible] Totts favoured Beeton those to the south [illegible] complete slates of candidates were nominated [illegible] being James Banting reeve Robert [illegible] councillors The south slate [illegible] deputy Geo Hayes and three councillors [illegible] by far the greater area [illegible] The entire slate save [illegible] next morning Robert had occasion to go to Totts [illegible] tavern keeper [illegible] Robert came out to console [illegible] Robert I'm sorry But there's one thing [illegible] James had not heard the [illegible] would not have pulled that boner [illegible] I didn't James [illegible] a vote Thus giving [illegible] ends of the reins and with a [illegible] he was off leaving [illegible]

[illegible] have [illegible] of the religious life of the community [illegible] the calling of the first meeting [illegible] three protestant denominations Anglicans [illegible] presbyterian The anglicans [illegible] and Beeton

Also at [illegible] sixth concession line. The Presbyterians [illegible] formed a congregation and built churches in [illegible] as [illegible] the Methodists who in addition had churches [illegible] Hill, Tecumseh on the west town line and at [illegible] about the mid-century mark. Pioneer [illegible] Catholics [illegible] built a chapel on lot 15 on the [illegible] and [illegible] about the same time a parish [illegible] St. [illegible] was established at Tottenham [illegible] a splendid brick chapel (St. James) was built [illegible] on the town line. The religious and moral life of the community has indeed been well looked after [illegible] a tribute cannot be paid to Rev. [illegible] to [illegible] and to Rev. [illegible] as well as to [illegible] of later years [illegible] followed in their footsteps. [illegible] present times they were tireless in their efforts [illegible] welcome [illegible] visitations.

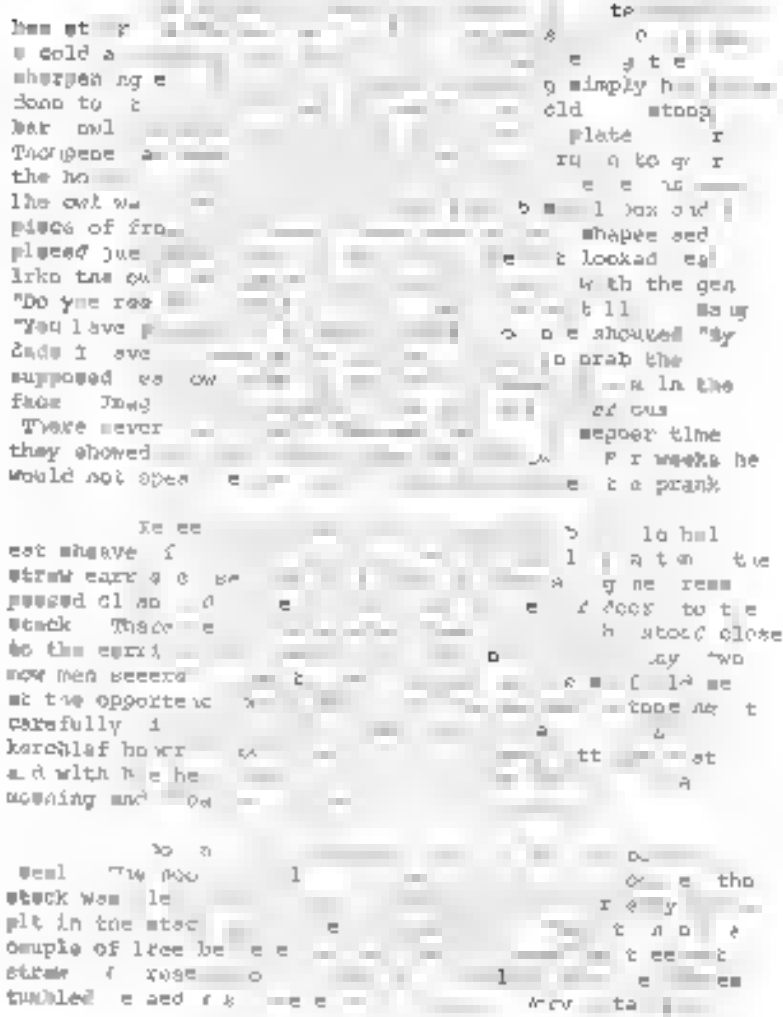
By the early '70s [illegible] brick churches had replaced the [illegible] wooden [illegible]. Generally the [illegible] three services on the Sabbath. The churches were [illegible] salvation and damnation were [illegible] from the pulpit [illegible] fashion. [illegible] too were busy ones for the Reverend gentlemen [illegible] the visitation of the homes, especially of the sick and [illegible], were attended to. Salaries were meagre but were augmented by personal gifts of butter, eggs, etc. These were greatly appreciated, but [illegible] the [illegible] of the cloth was [illegible] to remark on the thrifty appearance [illegible] of the wondrous growth of the garden. Then [illegible] the house would excuse herself [illegible] something for the Reverend's wife [illegible] eggs, some apples for the children, and [illegible] for sure it would be a fowl. On each visit [illegible] Reverend gentleman would lead in family worship and in prayer [illegible] refreshing and uplifting. Just as [illegible] log and frame churches gave way to more modern buildings, so also with the schools, and by the '70s and [illegible] brick [illegible] had made its appearance up and down the [illegible]. The pupils were drilled in the three R's and [illegible]

these early t[illegible] displayed. How well the family b[illegible] painstaking skill, like the churches [illegible] attended, especially during the win[illegible] attended making amends f[illegible] of seeding and of harvest. To k[illegible] needs be a good disciplinar[illegible] upon the hefty male teach[illegible] a birch rod and [illegible] schoolboys of the years past [illegible] as for its bark. The hi[illegible] knowledge.

[illegible] pranks were played in those [illegible] house at [illegible] formerly [illegible] from outside in forming a rest[illegible] central space was occupied by the [illegible] being taught. What a glorious opp[illegible] there was for those sitting at [illegible] but should the culprit be fou[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] hundred yards was the Anderson pond [illegible] pupils would skate upon the ice [illegible] On this particular day a gang [illegible] the rubbery surface just as the [illegible] time for school [illegible] want into the kindly [illegible] home [illegible] came back to school [illegible] saw the teacher [illegible] was to [illegible] stood in regaining his seat without [illegible] years he taught in the [illegible] same site.

[illegible] pranks played [illegible] the turn of the century [illegible] morning) drifts were piled h[illegible] over the top of the rail fences. Only six or [illegible] and after building the fire [illegible] having gotten warmed up we played [illegible] bench back of the stove awaiting [illegible] 9:45 and still



perpetrators of [illegible] pranks were remunerated [illegible] trifle [illegible] his case performance a plug of [illegible] chewing [illegible] possible t [illegible] for [illegible] at [illegible] from [illegible]

[illegible] it would be the good housewife who would be the victi[m] [illegible] pranksters [illegible] particularly good looking pie would be missing from the swing-shelf if placed to close to the cellar window [illegible] was taken in good part [illegible] expressions are forever gone. The combine has replaced the threshing machines and bees of various kinds are [illegible] always a great sense of humour prevailed among the [illegible] Over on the third concession line, west of Tottenham, Hamilton Cowan was having a fatted ox [illegible] dressed. [illegible] Brawley and [illegible] to help [illegible] on Tottenham [illegible] four corners they were telling of how

Hamilton Cowan [illegible]
[illegible] Brawley got the half
[illegible] got the tail
[illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] for some miles [illegible] there [illegible] the [illegible] the Grays, the [illegible] the Corbetts, [illegible] the Crows and that ever near [illegible] all the colours of the rainbow were to be fo[und]. There were the Browns, Blacks, the [illegible] Greens [illegible] the [illegible]

Chapter 7

[illegible]

[illegible] will you [illegible] with me and meet some of my acquaintances of yesteryears, [illegible] of the older folk and how they appeared to a child of 5 towards the close of the

tttt centary not forgetting that we ... mar tutn might ...ytt just tt quntat to the ttttts tott of our generation

First there was Mt A--- who tived at the ftrm back tf me. He was a ftitty tttt man wtth ptnk cheeks ttd long white hatr. Once t week with grett regutartty he woutd come tlong the bush ttack upon his whtte nag. He woutd be going down to t neighbout on the fifth concessiot line for t jar of buttermilk; how he did tikt buttermtlk. Upon hts return journey he would tit hts steed to t post of the lane fence, come tnto the house tnd, aftet the customary greeting wh ch tncluded t dissettion of the weathet and t ttatement concerntng hit present ttate of hetttth, he woutd proceed to ttarch hts vest pockets invarttbly coming up with a ttick of ticorttte. Handing it to me ht would say "Take thts my tad, some day you w tt rute the sett that you sttt ... txty-fitt or st years later I am sorry to tdmit htt prophecy has not been futfitled.

Now we meet Mr. B--- tf medtum height, a broad ...tt wtth t targe moon tikt face, long hair, whtte ttd tike ttlk. He wott a ttrge drab double btttttd coat, three quartt tength wtth huge brtst buttons. He dt not stll to often as Mr. A ttvttg ftrthet away. I always tiked to see him come and count out twenty targe gold coins and past them over to fttheг. How they did shtne, especially wtth the sunttght fttt upon them. Atas, the gotd ttd not remttn in ftther's htnds for long, evat tt had to be paid ovtt to t thitd party ... t. B always brought to mtnd the vision of "King Midtt.

Mr. Davey ttck was quite a tttttt man with a small nut brown face, small keen brown eyes and close cropped hair. He even wore t dark brown close tibbed cardigan, the pockets of which were small. Each held but five large purple plums and tlways did when plums wert tt season. So of course Davey was tvtr a welcome entrant to our tanewsy. Pott Davey was subject to ftts and aroused our sympathy. The other boys tetted him ttd tean how he dtd chase them jerktng stones at them so fttt and so ttrtight ttke from t rtfle. Davey had a nickname for the neighbourt - Mr. Cord

with whom he lived was Goutley Albert Alle a huge gangling youth was Sampse Mr Jefltrem wts Jarvit my fthet Wee Geordit and Josteph Bran an tho wtt txpert in handling tht horse sertptt was of co rse Joe the tetmper wth tat te on

There was Sid Ennis whon out black and white mollie always welcomed with t certtin plai tive bark He was t ttll man head tlightly ttooped with age Ile hair wtt long and white line tee like tilk and cutled upwttds tt the back of the ntck He wete t three-quttttt length frock coat black toe tt was hit broad brimmed soft felt htt and he leaned heavily tpon a black thorn ttell 1 lookd upon hem tt a funket He wtt ont ol mst note dit-tinguithed guests 1 this metegery tlso was Mr Joseph Ellison ex pedagogue of excellent penmanthip

Thte too thtte were the ltdies God bltes them Twt tldarly ltdies used te drive over tnd vrelt with us twict yearly I alwayt welcomed therr coming They were ever dreated in blaa with lact collars tnd cuffs and they wore bennets Alter the convertttion had woned a littlt 1 would bring from t e cellar tht largett and retlest applet 1 could find and etrve them wrth plttes and knives S ettly tftet tht more telhative tnt would bring forth her dai ty ltce handkerchief and untyl g a kaot she relatetd a ahiny v ctorlen five ce t piect Alter t pat o t hug and a t rm t fot you my attentl turned towstd tht ether ltdy This time /t wtt the lergat ten cent plece Sht too petted my head Het whole fttt went crinkly and her eyes afftttd lriendliness 1 liked them both but the thtt gtve me tht ten cent prece - well a littlt bit the tate

Alto thett was Aan rley t very dlttant relatlvt 1 was told who visittd us about three timet a year and fot two or thret days Het hair wtt at auburn at e fitty red but ol an r betwet tinge and was tred in t bun et tne back ol att head Sht was ruddy laced and had freckles She would ctll me over run her long lingett through my hait and aty Poot em Teettl (for Ctcll) 1

Ava [illegible] l [illegible] l [illegible] two [illegible] y [illegible] place [illegible] rt for a [illegible] victoria [illegible] at [illegible] of mixed candy [illegible] with her was [illegible] two [illegible] who would take affront at [illegible] or would [illegible] willingly say [illegible] see her [illegible] I'll never [illegible] home [illegible] I [illegible] will [illegible] and set [illegible] would [illegible] her umbrella [illegible] maybe a pair [illegible] would [illegible] as far as the roadway [illegible] come back [illegible] forgotten article and often would make up over

Then too there was the very important lady in the village bake shop who kept even wondrous candy. I would stand before the great showcase starry eyed [illegible] pennies would only buy old candies but each would be as large as what you would pay five or ten cents for today. Though spoken of as a kindly woman I thought her rather sharp. While considering which ones I would select I was suddenly startled by "Well oh will you have [illegible] eh eh." A sharp chin and a long nose had come well over the showcase. I recall I replied "I [illegible] of those [illegible] wrapped [illegible] paper [illegible] [illegible] ill-eyes. Upon receiving the candy I made a fast retreat.

Now I must not forget my great Aunt Jelly. I did not see her very often but what a great person she seemed to be. She was a fairly tall lady, wore a black dress trimmed with white lace and [illegible] she wore a lace cap or head covering. Her long clay pipe fascinated me [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible] but [illegible] I let it fall to the floor and it was broken. [illegible] What could I do to make amends? But she came to [illegible] and soothingly said "Never [illegible] come along with me to Tetten [illegible] after [illegible] ride behind the sorrel Joe [illegible] purchased not one but six clay pipes at Hammells store. Best of all Aunt Jelly was my friend ever. She put her arms around me and gave me a wholesome hug.

There were the [illegible] peddlers and yes the travellers or [illegible] of bygone days - all intrigued me. There was old Billy Johnstone with a peg leg and his own horse wagon filled with shiny tinware pails mullenders funnels and pans of all kinds. One third down was laneway he would blow his horn while too announce his coming with a special "welcome back". How nice it was to see him hand over to mother some shiny utensil.

I too recall those small but sturdy Romanian peddlers who went about on foot and carried two cases or packs - one large and thick packed with dry goods. Everything seem in a dry goods store seemed to be there - kerchiefs towels aprons shirts dresses hose and lingerie. The other case contained combs knives and other cutlery jewellry pipes etc. Not only would the good housewife purchase but the bearded man also would be approached. Buy a nice pipe Mr. John this one I brought especially for you. But again the marvel of how they trudged over the rough and hilly roads with those great packs and packs sweat would ooze from their foreheads. Beast disease from tanalon plays havoc with the modern high pressure salesman but how these peddling salesmen of bygone days escaped the penalty I'll never know. One Romanian had so much on his mind that he came all the way from Rich Hill some three miles minus his smaller case of jewellry. After displaying his dry goods to mother he missed the case and accused her of taking or at hiding it. He went out into the laneway and rolled over and over. I'll take my life. I'll take my life. he cried. At last mother persuaded him to retrace his steps and there sure enough at the abode of her last purchases was the case.

Soon after the turn of the century a nomad peddler asked overnight lodging for himself and steed at our farm home. After satisfying the inner man and displaying his wares he brought in what seemed a most unusual contraption. Then he set it up and adjusted the horn we realized it was - yes it was a Gramophone - the

very first we had ever seen after a scrumpky start there were words and yes music well of a kind He was going to entertain us and so pay for the lodging The of the numbers went something like this

Jerry Murphy is a friend of mine
He drinks beer but I drink wine !

and

There women be every man
O my then if you can
Why don t every man
Have three wives

Sorry I m no musician and cannot write notes

A gentleman of the highway came in our laneway one Saturday afternoon when we children were alone A little afraid we locked the front door secured the back kitchen door with a pair of scissors in the keeper over the latch then we hid in the cloakroom and awaited his visitation A rap on the kitchen door No answer Another rap! Two or three minutes passed then another rap We kept silent our hearts in our mouths At last he retreated Then someone coughed He came back again and waited for ten or fifteen minutes Upon going out he noticed the woodshed door when a huge clothes prop fell to the floor Once more he came back another long wait and then he went this time for good

Upon yet another occasion I met a knight of the road but one who never would have passed for one of Robin s Gang It was a Friday evening as I was passing the old McCurdy homestead th e knight of the road was approaching from the opposite d rection a Knotted red handkief upon his head a pack on his back and a crooked stick in his right hand He was barefoot his boots tied together hung over a shoulder and he had a long stubble for a beard Would i be brave and meet him on the road way? As then looked up at me and raised his stick that

was enough - even the ma[illegible] b[illegible] [illegible] and men fell faster than ever before. Upon regaining the roadway some two hundred yards beyond one knight errant I looked back at the receding flames. The palpitation had ceased and life seemed all rosy again.

Chapter 8

Mere Crosses

What a picturesque figure and character was our Public School Inspector the Reverend Thomas McKee. Tall and dignified he had something of the Tennysonian look including whiskers. Having worn the cloth did also add to his dignity. Then too he wore a swallow tail coat. He would knock on the school door and immediately enter. Good morning Miss Black. A chair would be placed upon the platform for him. Generally he would have the teacher carry on with the class closing his eyes and twiddling his thumbs. Did I say closing? Oh no! It seemed so but he did not miss a thing. He had a tall memory and would often pick on a certain pupil time after time and a regular pantomime would ensue. Some detested him. I liked to see him - both come and go. Down toward the door he would stride with each footfall a word of his farewelling would reverberate about the room. And-I wish you-every-success. I said the Inspector rapped on the door but this was not always so. Just before the close of the century he was wont to enter the school without rapping and in Mt. Pleasant School Essa Township just south of Thornton a hefty male teacher took exception to this. Upon this occasion he met the Inspector half-way down the room and asked him to go out and re-enter in the proper manner. The Public School Inspector advanced just one step. Biff, a left hook to the eye. The Inspector did not return that day but on his next visitation he first rapped on the door.

When I f[illegible] Tottenham school a new ltdy tetcher had [illegible] t duties for the autumn term Upon [illegible] trrtt [illegible] tttre-tfttr What did you s[illegible] wts [illegible] Mattie Tremear our teacher [illegible] ely Miss Mattie Metreer from the [illegible] Mattie Tremear her voice [illegible] second name Miss Metteer? I mean [illegible] Tremear She snapped back Mattie Maude Tremear [illegible] Tremear became one of his most respected and [illegible] teachers

Soon after [illegible] mention the Rev John Totten named after Tottenham [illegible] settler and whose kinsman he was [illegible] bonds of matrimony John "A" and the widow [illegible] John was of the dreamy mould and when asked by the Reverend "W[illegible] thou have this woman for thy wedded wife? replied with a [illegible] Eh The Rev Totten repeated the question and again John answered with another puzzled Eh Once more "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife? [illegible] pause [illegible] Say I will John John meekly and softly replied Say I will

In 1921 the United Farmers of Ontario were victorious at the polls On the Saturday night following the election I drove (horse and buggy) into Tottenham for the weekend [illegible] Many farmers were milling about in a jovial and hilarious mood The local miller a staunch Liberal [illegible] just as ardent a Tory asked "Oh by the way do you happen to know the U F O password and grip? "Oh no I don t [illegible] innocently replied inter-locking the fingers of [illegible] hand with mine Do not grip too tightly loose y [illegible] that's it He began twisting my [illegible] and fro slowly just like the motion of a cow's tail [illegible] away the flies Keeping time to the rhythm of our swinging arms he divulged the password co-bose-y co-boss-y The resultant laugh caused some of the [illegible] U F O stalwarts to [illegible] and [illegible] at us What right had we [illegible] ardent Liberal and Tory to [illegible]? This [illegible] the [illegible] night

Then the carpenters were working on new barn Mr [illegible] of the adjoining farm was often over at our place. He loved to play shove ha'penny and all kinds of sweetmeats loved also to smell them tell tales. This day it was almost noon when he came along. He was in the granary. The men had hoped to complete as more soon but he was bothering them. Then was that Albert (his own) calling him? But it did not take the hint to go. Just then Mother sounded the dinner gong. One hurriedly put the maple and left on the outside of the door. The lock was snapped and the men summoned for dinner. James was locked in. Have pity on a poor dying man. Have pity on a poor dying man. His shouts carried to the house and amused the gang.

James was indeed quite a character being somewhat of a pharmacopher and like Mona was not over fond of work. Their farm was very hilly and full of stumps and often on these first warm days in early April he would sit on the south side of some huge pine stump sunning himself truly a harbinger of spring. In mat harvest he would direct the work from his vantage point again a pine stump. His two tall rawboned gangling sons would be loading the sheaves. Albert the elder upon the wagon. All pushing on. Hi there Albert man. Keep to the high side. Keep to the high side. he would shout in a loud voice that could easily be heard a good half mile away. Many an upset was thus averted.

Albert and Bill were ingenuous youths threshing emotions fascinated them. One old model was ever in these yard. His they experimented with. Oh yes he had his faults. they could improve upon it. The lads seldom got into trouble. Just once did they slip from the straight and narrow path. They were locked up in the handcages in Seeton a new town hall awaiting their appearance before the magistrates. They escaped to the farm and led constables Water and Appleton a right merry chase uphill and down dale and in the woods era the strong arm of the law caught up with them.

Then there were the [illegible] Devlin Boys. Even when in their seventies they [illegible] and the Devlin Boys Paddy and Frank had [illegible] native Armagh when mere lads. Though [illegible] the Roman Catholic faith and attending mass [illegible] a year they sojourned mostly among the Prot[illegible] of Tecumseh whose forbears had come from the [illegible] Ireland. They were soft spoken and [illegible] supply of real Irish wit. They [illegible] to work a week or two at one farm and with a little money in pocket would go to the village and [illegible] a hostless for lodge and board then another [illegible] the country with a different farmer. They [illegible] excellent ploughmen and marvellous at loading [illegible] on the wagon. They would gather up a bundle [illegible] in the very right spot for the [illegible]. They were carefree and had no fear [illegible]. The good woman of the house might be glad of [illegible] departure yet at the time of their next visitation the welcome sign would be out. Their Irish wit and [illegible] made them welcome. One Saturday night in the days of the open bar Frank who could just navigate Tottenham's four corners met the local Massey-Harris agent (an old friend). In his broadest Irish he said "Good night [illegible] Am I right?"

Down on [illegible] there lived the Armstrong Girls [illegible] store. They were in their seventies when I first met them. It was my privilege and pleasure to bring them on my return from town some coal or groceries. Always they would ask me in for cake and tea. On Election Day I would call on them to exercise their franchise [illegible] too. One Halloween night a neighbour woman dressed as a hobo rapped at the Armstrong door and on opening stepped inside. In deep guttural the supposed [illegible] demanded overnight lodging. The [illegible] flashed to their faces - they were nervous. "We live alone. We never [illegible] folk over night" they said apologetically yet firmly. "Oh but I think I'll [illegible] stay [illegible]" [illegible] the supposed hobo [illegible] but [illegible] the neighbour let it go at that. She had played her role well and had fun

A few days prior to the municipal election of 1905 I was entrusted with horse and buggy to go to Beeton to get the weekend supply of groceries. Having tied Joe in the Commercial Hotel shed I was on my way to the bake shop when two of Beeton's leading citizens set on the street in front of the hotel. One a little short man with a peg leg, looked up into the face of a tall and statuesque figure. There was no hesitation they came to the crux of the matter at once. Who are you for? stamped the little man. I'm for Geordie. Who are you for? I'm for Geordie too. Come on it and we'll wet it. Geordie my father was running for the Membership. I felt at least two inches taller to think that two of Beeton's prominent citizens belonging to the same church as his opponent would take such interest in father being elected. In those days an 80% poll was common.

The provincial election of 1937 was very keenly contested. Mitch Hepburn the Ontario Liberal had been premier and again led the Liberals. Ettie Rowe who had been federal representative was leading the Tories. Their candidate R.J. Jamieson was being opposed by Dr. Smith of Creemore. Interest was at a feverish pitch. It was going to be close as no 3 there time. Scrutineers and the voluntary drivers in were early on hand. It was even noised that an attacker with a suitcase was accompanying one stalwart driving a voter. Dire mutterings were heard. Scrutineers could generally find some means of communicating information to one another. but no not this time. The mid Toronto left early to bring in a report from a remote corner of the sub-division. He had been interviewed a day or two before. Oh yes he would be all right George could neither read nor write. Closeted in the

booth with the D R O and the two scrutineers he was asked "for whom do you wish to vote?" "Smith or Jamieson" asked the D R O. He did not know. Exasperated the D R O then asked "Are Hepburn ae Nowo? Hepburn meekly replied the voter. Then later one of the fosses that drew the votes in heard of this h s chagrai was great but all he said was By thunder. By mid-afternoon excitement ran high. A Ukrainian had just come into the booth a Liberal vote to be sure. The opposing scrutineer knowing John very well drew him aside. So John did not have naturalization papers and so was not entitled to vote. In counting the ballots one with a large 2 in place of an X was disputed and eventually not counted. The living room door was open a few inches and a woman's voice thinks he's smart could be heard evidently referring to the objecting scrutineer. So the ladies had the same keen interest as had the men folk in political affairs.

The federal election of 1940 was held near the middle of March. A terrific snow storm preceded it and all but plugged the roads leading to the poll held at the Sutton home third concession. The D R O trudged the two miles across the fields and over innumerable drifts and many fences topped by the barbed variety with ballot box. He had left home half an hour early and just reached the poll by opening time.

One neighbour adjoining us hitched his team to the sleigh. He would take a load of voters to the booth and go by the town line and the third. So at 10 o'clock he with his wife and two lads all encased in warm apparel set out. First they would pick up the D R O's wife and hired man. The long lane deep with snow offered no great difficulty. Then for the neighbours across the way. Better put the horses in the stable the neighbour shouted. The cut is full all of 12 feet. My son is on the town line. It's open and so's the third I hope. So with horses

safely stabled off they staggered across [illegible] fields and over drifts at the roll fences and [illegible] made the car It was clear sailing across [illegible] con- cessions but as they were about t[illegible] r the third two or three pedestrians returning from the booth shouted You ll never make it Go [illegible] by the south town line and take the county road north I think you ll make it but at a [illegible] f ll g n feet Now the fun commenced Here were reel ed here and there It was shovel and she [illegible] pu t by the cat more shovelling and pushing At last the county road was reached They turned north and got three hundred yards but no more So they [illegible] reverse to the town line more pushing at last they made it I m hungry Good one Let s go 1 to Schn[illegible] (close at hand I m broke So am I Sure out credit is good Let s go After refreshed and regaled they set out and at last reached the third Would they go home never entered their heads They had come to vote and vote they would So they struggled and struggled on How glad the D R O was to see them enter the booth at 3 30 After voting and a short respite they departed glad at heart to have registered their vote despite the hazards of weather They had just left the polling booth when much to their consternation they met six stalwarts of the opposing party all close neighbours They had walked the two concessions [illegible]en it all was all the good lady who had took her cent in the shoveling match Even at that there was no cancelling factor the six had left their lady folk at home Back to the town line they trudged back also to the neighbour s for horses and sleigh

When the ballots were counted and the result telephoned home all was serene they were content A good night s sleep did wonders The ballot box seemed lighter that night as the D R O plowed through the drifts on her way home but then upon descalling a certain spoiled ballot to hear the blood run away That was my ballot What surprise It was an election

day long to be remembered. I wonder [illegible] does the present Lieutenant Governor of [illegible] see any liking of the hardships [illegible] his supporters [illegible] to [illegible]

In the 19[illegible]1 [illegible] election an [illegible] former Tory was this time driving [illegible] He stopped to give [illegible] neighbour [illegible] to the poll [illegible] distance of four miles [illegible] course supporting our candidate. Oh [illegible] for the other side. "Well then you [illegible] walk from here on [illegible] Mr [illegible] who had offered John the [illegible] stopped [illegible] to pick up another supporter [illegible] In the meantime John had [illegible] another ride. On coming out of the booth he again met Mr [illegible] how he [illegible]

In those good old days the niceties of the rules governing the poll were not always adhered to in every detail. On one occasion Mr [illegible] a real old timer, came into the booth and after being given a ballot and directed to a cubicle immediately sprawled his angular frame upon the table in front of the election officials and waiting voters and marked his ballot with a huge X, saying at the same time to all [illegible] him [illegible] All [illegible] so [illegible] there was no objection.

This time the [illegible] was in [illegible] the booth lived an old [illegible] Both sides went after him to vote [illegible] the afternoon he developed [illegible] cold [illegible] election [illegible] He would go to bed but [illegible] he was [illegible] Tories were [illegible] door [illegible] he [illegible] into bed [illegible] he was at the time. His helpmate [illegible] was anxious that he [illegible] the two Tories into the bedroom. They [illegible] with him and got him into good humour [illegible] then they pulled the covers [illegible] There he was [illegible] a spectacle [illegible] red [illegible] and socks on his feet. But he voted. What [illegible] these early [illegible] had [illegible] and political events and what [illegible] they revealed

[illegible]

pounds [illegible] of an oak stump and of [illegible] small grist by pack horse to the [illegible]. How welcome was Squire Ramsay [illegible] more arduous trips over the rough [illegible] Brantford and the Landing [illegible] have [illegible] day of the first wagon by Henry Cla[illegible] of the first load of wheat to Muddy [illegible] wagon that first load of wheat made [illegible] commenced a pattern [illegible] the market [illegible] early farm products in Muddy York [illegible]

The [illegible] followed a trail that went south [illegible] town. Later Lloydtown was by-passed [illegible] having been built through Schomberg. This [illegible] trail [illegible] road meandered through Nobleton [illegible] Woodbridge, Weston and the Junction (West [illegible]). Hotel accommodation could be had at Woodbridge, Weston and the Junction in the fifties [illegible] the little wayside inns sprang up. Not only were [illegible] of [illegible] oats and other fodder delivered to the Toronto market but also beef, pork and poultry. [illegible] farmers made a business of buying up and dealing [illegible] to Toronto the farm produce of the [illegible] neighbourhood. They were known as hucksters. [illegible] and return was a two or three day trip and [illegible] the road had become a much travelled [illegible]. The farmers and hucksters staying at [illegible] were wont to discuss these results. The Peacock Inn at the Junction and the Woodbridge [illegible] given the nod of approval [illegible] good place to stop over at. [illegible] at the little wayside tavern at the Kleinburg cut off they [illegible] of blankets there.

was often heard [illegible] Market Corner was erected and told posterity of the fact

The Grand Trunk Railway built a line from Hamilton through Tottenham and Beeton to Allandale in the seventies. These two villages then did really thrive. Farmers brought in eggs, butter and poultry to the various stores, sometimes for cash but more often for trade. Sometimes the farmers seem to were running ones. Once or twice a year and nearly always just before Christmas there was a reckoning up of accounts. Farmers and merchants alike were content seldom were there trouble spots. One Beeton merchant did, when inserting a taster into a tub of butter come upon a rock. Words were exchanged at the time but later at the time of reckoning the weight of the rock was deducted in sugar. A flushed face was the only evidence of chagrin on the good lady's part. The couple used to be a regular customer. In both villages grain elevators and grist mills were built, coal and wood yards established and now near the close of the century the local weekly produce market was established. Let us now have a look see at the Tottenham market as of the early 1900s.

Preparing for market and install a lot of arduous and fatiguing tasks upon the industrious farm housewife. Eggs had to be cleaned, graded and sometimes candled and she packed in cartons or baskets. Butter was often churned on the previous day. The churn or barrel churn was in common use. Later churns of various designs with gear and foot pedal were in vogue. [illegible] and a dog churn. The Englishman called it said this task to be beneath his dignity and much preferred the [illegible] up of the cows for milking. After being churned the butter was washed and thoroughly mixed with just the right amount of salt added and, oh yes, a few drops of butter colouring. Then it was made into pound prints. Some design perhaps a thistle shamrock or rose was imprinted on the ground would. The housewife would

carefully wrap it in thin butter paper that revealed the exact colour the likeness of a dairy cow and the name of the proprietress and or the form as "Mrs Dan O Grady Rosalawn Farm". Certain ladies took especial pride in having choice fowl dressed and trimmed just so. They would then always obtain the highest prices.

Sutton's market was held Tuesday mornings Tottenham's on the same afternoon. The same buyers attending both markets made it a real field day. Two especially stand out in my mind's eye. Scanlon was short and stubby, Irish of course of a pinkish complexion. When bidding his eyes sparkled and his bids were sharp and snappy. His wit was of the splendid variety. Teasdale was tall dark, lean faced and his bids were measured and slow.

By 1 30 the market was under way. It was of course in the good old horse and buggy days. The hotel sheds were filled with horses and buggies, some democrats too. Even the church sheds were partly full with a few horses tied in front of certain shops. Inside the market hall all was hustle and commotion just prior to opening. The many farm matrons present had carefully displayed their produce. The early worm of course had had the choice of positions on stand. But now the buyers were on hand and bidding had commenced.

Scanlon had a good spot for just such butter as Mrs G from over south made. Teasdale knowing this would change a cents but Scanlon must have that butter and would have to pay the unheard of price of 17¢ per lb. But he got back at Teasdale who had ready market for Mrs Ga chickens. Teasdale had to pay 23¢ per lb. Now you see how popular these ladies might be with the average farm matron. But good humour prevailed for the most part and many pleasantries were passed around

After the cheques were [illegible] the ladies would hasten to their favourite store for the weeks supply of groceries to the butcher for a [illegible] steak or roast Of course the dry goods stores got a large share of the weekly market cheque A new dress for 6 year old Mary a hair ribbon for little Lucy and for Donald a pair of shoes Then perchance a call to the druggist for liniment for the injured Bobbie or Epsom Salts for the sick cow The shop keeper would often tuck in a bag of candy It would not do to lose the patronage of such good customers as the farm ladies of Tecumseh proved to be

Many a mahogne was employed to get the westerner upstairs Here new hats were on display for the ladies and stacks and stacks of mens and boys clothing Often crafty tradesmen in a neighbouring village was wont to inveigle some of hrs customers into buying a new hat for Mr Lady by first inviting them downstairs for a "wee dropple" and then upstairs where the pretty new milliner had the latest creations on display Often it worked

The farmers marketed their grain at the local elevators and took grists to Nolan s mill on Tottenham pond The great water wheel was used to generate power for the mill as late as the 1930s On certain days the three elevator men would be at the four corners to compute for charges loads of wheat or of malting barley They would climb upon the load sample and test the grain The load of grain would then be delivered to the highest bidder The farmers received payment by cheque and then the merchants would have a field day and yes maybe the hoteliers as well But generally if they thrived the merchant was shy and vice versa

So market day in Tottenham was as to market day the world over - well at least next to the Sabbath the most important day of the week in the life of the community The ladies thoroughly enjoyed it They took time all to say "hi neighbour" and reminisce on some outstanding occurrence of the week It served as a refresher course

Chapter 11

Fall Fair

Having told something of the [illegible] times of the community, I would be remiss indeed if I did not refer to the Beeton Fall Fair, held annually and almost invariably at that time during the second week of October. It has since developed into quite a large and interesting event with exhibitors from various parts of the province, but herein I will attempt to describe the Fair as seen through the eyes of a youth in his early teens and shortly after the turn of the century.

It was then mainly a community project. Exhibitors and spectators alike were mainly from the Township. Each exhibitor was more or less acquainted with the others and it was "Hello Tom, Dick or Harry" as the case might be. The late D. A. Jones took a keen interest in the planning of the Fair Grounds and in the laying out of the splendid half-mile race course. He too planted the maples that encompass the entire area. The Agricultural Hall with its adjoining little stand for spectators was erected. Then too there was the judges' stand or pagoda. Also a portion of the grounds was arranged to accommodate the live-stock.

At about 11 o'clock, I think it was October 3, 1906, a neighbour lad and I with but fifty cents each set out on shanks' pony over the hills to attend Beeton Fair. Yes, it had rained as was wont in the forenoon, but now the sun broke through the clouds ere we had gone half-way. Mr. Ross espied us as we passed his splendid orchard and stuffed our pockets with apples and pears. A steady stream of buggies and democrats passed by but nary a lift did we get. The village was jam packed. We passed two soft drink booths ere we reached the Fair Grounds. We were hot and thirsty and so were tempted to regale ourselves with some of the bubbly and frothy refreshment - lemon sour or cream soda. But with only fifty cents we turned our backs to the booth

tnd Fa ftit we were tt the m me co to the tale Grounds Here fifteen eents wet txte trom each of te bot huss we were intldt

First things lees e were ee the Midway tnd what t bedlam Men with teucoms uelo e were trying to tttract the crowd Hit t e e m the head and wit a 10¢ cigtt The wheel of lortu e et too was there Every time the wheel goes round somebody e wett to win t hall dollet And there was the gypsy tent with e dark htimed dark eyed Rebecct who would foretell a successful fature ftt only 25¢ Over there where all the b g husky fellows were gathered a weel muscled g mt would demonstrtte his prowess with the sltdge hammer by tteeg a tmall mettl peg with grett gutto the bell would ring every time Then many t big fellow would try and lael and he wotld turn te tome ordinaty Joe Btte you try it The bell would ring and many more tickets wtre sold Side shows? Oh yes everybody thtt way For otly 15¢ you met see the wild man from Borneo te tete raw mett etd drinks blood * Also 15¢ would enable one to v ew some scant ly cltd Phillippine beauties dedlc ne men were on hand The Kik t pak Indian medicine cutte all achet and pains And of course there wts the perennial Sall Ointmett salesman with a littlt charcoal burner he would heat to red hot tt ltet rod and pull at terest hes tenefingers thtt applying the ointment he would hold forth his finget See no btte then dozens et boxet would et 1 There was also the merry go-round wh ch did more perhaps than any othet thing to impart the hol day spirit But we must not ttitter any more time away on the midwty ec nto the hall we struggled it was closely packed l elt ak egetables tl every vatiety were tt d splay there were huge pumpkins squash turnips potttoes el or hetd lru t tpples pears plums were it plent ful supply Just e co et the distplay would make one s mouth wetet Next came the canned ltemt pickles buttet eggs po ltry and then on around the other side was the fancy work sections t btenth taking ditplay The prizes had already been awarded - how happy thttt ladies seemed on viewing the awards Down at the lte end el the ttll ttd away ftom the door our church orgttltt

was dispensing wondrous mus[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and Helstman

Now out of the hall [illegible] [illegible] not too soon for over there was the Tug-O[illegible] [illegible] the Ajala Isiphms and the Tecumseh Giant [illegible] the bell sounded from the judges stand and a [illegible] through a megaphone announced [illegible] [illegible] cute class over this way at once [illegible] [illegible] to obtain advantageous positions from wh[illegible] [illegible] True there was no horse there t[illegible] [illegible] to the great Dan Patch [illegible] local ho[illegible] [illegible] the first heat but lost out in the next two to [illegible] [illegible] has a much to the disappointment of the loc[illegible] [illegible] enthusiasts Then we watched the Ivy Beeton baseball game [illegible] all of a sudden we were aware of mo[illegible] [illegible] t over on the track The sprints were on Knox of Orillia Ontario champion was leading the pack coming into the home stretch Jack Scott of Beeton was holding [illegible] two [illegible] back then Scott was closing the gap and wonder of wonders he passed Knox and won the race by a good two yards

There was that day a [illegible] fine display of livestock Exhibitors were mainly from the vicinity of Beeton but some came from [illegible] [illegible] of the Township Com[illegible] was keen in all classes and for that early it was an excellent showing and [illegible] the promise of even better things to come

On looking about at the Fa[illegible] a stranger must have been struck by the [illegible] contentment that permeated everywhere [illegible] [illegible] home festival Farming [illegible] after all [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a healthful pursuit Life was not all [illegible] Everyone seemed to be [illegible] [illegible] circumstances The cares and worries of [illegible] [illegible] household were forgotten and even pol[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the discard for the day To be present at the Fair was an exhilarating experience and it was all to the go[illegible] [illegible] community Children especially had a grand t[illegible] Infants in their mother's arms little tots being led around by Grandma and by the old Grandpa [illegible] Bevies of older boys and girls

mumbling an pop ... the bootheet wei ... uakes

This io ... pattern ona co ... anything yo ... he wide flowing skitt ... greatest iv dini ... aid the broad brimmed ... varied floral ... many in thetr fiftten ... ladies ostrich plumes on thi ... with great with ribbons of silk ... bonnets The dimsems of the teenag ... of silk flounces and furbelows ... many

The headgear of ... all the way from the soft wide brimmed ... fortable peaked cap to the bowler ... still too there was the grid silk hat ... mmell (ex M P P) looked with silk hat and ... nlades cane George Robson also in h s ... Evans and M J Hall ivei natty wid of ... appear ... very few smoked cigarettes the pipe and the more la ative cigar were in vogue The women ... did not smoke But oh yes I forgot ... lady smoking her corncob pipe She ... enjoyed the incense mingling with the ... good Canadian along of the ... variety

But now the ... and they are taking down the tents and ... work are being loaded and everyone ... the darkness ... and of peanuts were still barking ... Bananas ripe two for five six for ten ... all you will for a quarter Hokey pokey double jointed ... all the way from Santiago So the ... how much money have you left? my companion asked ... so have I he said let me have a basket of gra es they are 20 per basket

we had to walk home. They wo[illegible] r[illegible] n hardy are we climbed the stream Riddell [illegible] rrtd we be sick. [illegible] wett Beeton fair came bu[illegible] a [illegible] yes we would take the chance. We were broke but happy and by the time we reached home a good night's repose was assured.

Chapter 2

The Glorious Twelfth

Since the great majority of the early pioneers of Tecumseh were of Ulster stock, a brief sketch of a 12th of July celebration would perhaps not be amiss. My earliest recollection of "The Glorious 12th" was of one held in Beeton when I was 4 years of age. The images imprinted to my memory at that time were sharp and vivid. True they have been somewhat dulled and blurred by the passing of seventy odd years (surely not that many). The colourful decorations, the arches all covered with bunting and flags (Ensign and Jack), the many streamers, the colourful parade with the King Billys on the white horses, the numerous banners and above all the sound of the fife and drums and bag pipes all were indelibly imprinted on memory's wall.

To get a more detailed picture let us recall the 12th of 19[illegible] again in Beeton. This 12th of July morning broke clear, not a cloud in the sky. We must needs get up early as both father and brother were members of Mt [illegible] 104 and they convened at [illegible] o'clock and many chores had to be done. The first thing of importance in ushering in the day in proper style was the firing of the old Lee Enfield. Of course our nearest neighbour (1/4 mile distant) heard the report and answered with a tremendous Hurrah! that carried almost as far. When we got to the Lodge the [illegible] ntor Jack was already atop the flag-staff. The shed was filled with horses and buggies. Orangemen were in their shirt sleeves, white vest, coat, orange sash and blue

ribbon down side of trousers w[illegible] hats mostly covered and festooned with orange [illegible] and scarlet ribbons. They were whooping [illegible] drums. The Boyne Water, Protestant Boys and [illegible] were but some of the music played. But [illegible] and shutters on the yard side were closed [illegible] and we must hush hush. The Billy Goat [illegible] by irrelevant sounds and noises [illegible] of the Lodge must not be divulged to those o[illegible]

At last the Lodge meeting was over and we were on our way. At the eighth con[illegible] we were joined by two more Lodges. All the way into the [illegible] village one musical quartet played stirring [illegible] music. [illegible] seemed to be packed but it was nothing compared to the throngs at parade time (1 p.m. o'clock). The banners, flags, drums and other [illegible] were placed in [illegible] Hall. The [illegible] Lodge headed by the town brass band marched one mile to the G.T.R. Station and met 11 incoming trains including two specials. All forenoon more and more Lodges kept coming in from the country. The town was well decorated; three huge arches of cedar all garlanded with ribbons and flags had been erected. [illegible] on huge streamers in front of the arches [illegible] were many Orange slogans: "To the pious and immortal memory of William of Orange". "One school, one flag, one throne". "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none". All shops were bedecked with flags and bunting. The numerous booths both downtown and on the Fair Grounds did a [illegible] roaring business. All three churches and the ladies Orange served dinner from 11 [illegible] o'clock. The meals for only 50¢ were really something out of this world. [illegible] you could eat and more of the very best.

Fall in was sounded at 1 p.m. sharp. Lodges were to assemble on the Fair Grounds and from there the parade would start. The various marshals (county and district) were mounted on white horses. They were the King Billys and they wore cocked hats, broad brimmed, trimmed with white and scarlet plumes, scarlet coats, riding boots and spurs, swords held upright. They dashed here and there barking

their commands proper [illegible] visiting Lodges were to [illegible] off [illegible] would bring up the rear. Now they [illegible] the parade was off.

The County Master [illegible] (King Billy) headed the parade [illegible] They were all mounted [illegible] their brilliant regalia looked [illegible] each District [illegible] individual lodge [illegible] a banner as well. Every Lodge had at least one [illegible] In front of each District [illegible] was [illegible] flowing [illegible] a great Union Jack [illegible] Lodge the banner would be borne by [illegible] equipped with holders for the banner [illegible] Holding the [illegible] strings [illegible] little boys [illegible] by Lodge members. Up front would be [illegible] with Gavel then the Marshal with sword upright. They were followed by the Deputy [illegible] and Chaplain with open bible. Then came the rank and file with the [illegible] with ribboned poles bringing up the rear [illegible] a colourful parade it was that day. Seventy-[illegible] Lodges [illegible] and twenty-one Bands. Each Lodge had its own [illegible] and nearly all were colourful. There were [illegible] day seven Ladies Lodges five [illegible] To look down [illegible] was [illegible] the colourful [illegible] the gleaming band instruments enhanced [illegible] King Billy's resplendent [illegible]

They marched down [illegible] the sixth concession line [illegible] marched back up Center to Main [illegible] west on Main till the [illegible] east on Main and on past the new county home [illegible] to Center and hence to the Fair Ground. [illegible] along the route friends and acquaintances would greet the marchers. It would be Hi there Bob [illegible] Jack [illegible] boys and girls would tag along [illegible]

Once back on the [illegible] c d spetaed How tired and thirsty they [illegible] o soothe did a rush business there being o [illegible] up But now the Speaking had commenc d [illegible] c bandstand Controller H C Socken Br [illegible] o [illegible] cel and Reilly Fitzgerald Gr Sec A b[illegible] dd on at the Orange Orphanage Games ag [illegible] E C Significance of the Orange Cade and t [illegible] ha i Western than a live provincial poi t ca [illegible]

Over there at sam [illegible] k acce Aortta ate on foot races fun County and D str [illegible] aat m fot their wives some Masters and Man ats i y ade ree fot all and then various taces lot cha to m [illegible] Gte i over there in another direction there was a ccto Tottenham (old tivals) field increase game Thea ended n a close wic fun Tottenham 13 11 much to the chagrin of the many Beaton fans

Now the speaking was aeet and prizes were being awarded Rich Hill all resplendent sc their orange shirts broad brimmed mumile covered straw hats embellished with orange purple blue and scarlet ribbons received 1st prize for dress Mt Atamet fot best matching Enniskelies fou best banc[illegible] Sand Valley fot great distance and a Mr Black from Fil stos greatest number of years a member 92 years of age 7a a member)

Eats and refreshments were again served in the evening imagine cold ham and salads and all the pie one could eat for 25¢

But now it was packing up time The sun was almost down All were tired yet happy It had been a grand day and Orange tradit on and ardonia had been well maintained that now distant and fet off 12th of July in Easton

Chapter 13

Boiling Down

Of all [illegible] task[illegible] [illegible] the ea[illegible]y settlers none yielded [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] between the [illegible] "Boiling Down". At the [illegible] [illegible] most farms in our neighbourhood [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of woodland and [illegible]ly always there [illegible] [illegible] goodly number of maples. The average [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] tap [illegible] trees and up. It was a family projec[illegible] the maple syrup and sugar being for family use and not so [illegible] [illegible]al purposes but almost always a little could be [illegible] [illegible] neighbour who was ill or in [illegible]

In earl[illegible] t[illegible]es Boiling Down did entail much preparation. Wooden t[illegible] to hold the sap had to be gouged out by use of [illegible] [illegible] wooden spoils had to be bored and shaped. [illegible] [illegible] spoil had replaced the wooden, the tin was then the galvanized bucket came in[illegible] vogue. T[illegible] sugar kettle was still in use the mode[illegible] evapo[illegible] [illegible] as [illegible] yet unheard of.

The [illegible] camp was [illegible] all [illegible] located on a level yet sheltered glade as near to th[illegible] [illegible] of the sap trees as possible. Th[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]shed that served to sto[illegible] the wood for Boiling Down [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] shelter from storm. This partt[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was (My [illegible] [illegible] was home for Easter holidays lat[illegible] M[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]ng boisterously [illegible] the house [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. It was a bright sunny mor[illegible]ing [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The sap would be [illegible] runn[illegible]

The buckets were [illegible] [illegible] down [illegible] and scoured likewise th[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] buckets and spoils brace and bit and hammer [illegible] [illegible] loaded in the cutte[illegible] [illegible] (my brother and I) hitched Joe [illegible] four year old gelding and away to the [illegible]amp we went, the black and white collie running alongside [illegible] [illegible] now for the tapping

my brethet bered the hoise tnd drove t e spo in carefuliy itte place I carried the buckets and hoid the tpurit Ere tht bit wtt in the propet d ete p wet oozing through There the spoil wee in p act and the bucket hung tht tap was reelly running dtap-dr p-dtip-drip-drip Tht next dty at noon eil 65 trees wete tapped Three large berreis two large sugst ket les etd one smeiiet one were ieaded on tht sle gh behind Dan and ecy and ttken to the camp tite A base back iaq was ioiiad i to piece Two ttpiiings wete cut dowt t d sawed off just tbove a ttetch Theet were firmiy embowltd rete the eetth the crotches heog tbout 4-1/2 feet above gtoutd A suittble pole wet cut and placed stroto the uprights in the crttches and tll was it readineet fot Boiling Down

Two days itttt the btrreit were fiiltd with sap and it wes yet reanrog other and I with coilie wouid Boil Dowt; Boe wees these tarly hatbingers of pring were piping mettiiy crows wete caw-cawing wintet great aii red with berriet wat showing up te little mounds alretdy bate of snow Spring wes reaily in the air but we must Boil Down

'e carried tap from netrby treet filiing til three kettitt 'e smetred some ftt pork around the inside tim of the kttties and tiee stepended t portion ovet each (thit te prevent the sap from boiling ever) A skimmet tt take off bookett of toum and bitt of chtrcoal that may htve popped in a quart ltdle a iong ttick for poker a shovei ttd axe made up our equipmett

But now tht steam wtt iming tpttkt were snappite tnd emmetditt; a ime warmth from the fire htd dispelied the eatly morning ch ii ooth r wee comforttbie sitting on t log covered ovet by a robe a sapiing terved as back rett reading Tennyson t 'do t d tru Coiiie wte having a grand time telling over and over upot a snowy pttch at cheting and barking tt equitreis up t tttt It wat itdted a glotious morni g ark brisk ttd clear tht tun shone were it an almost cloudlett sky You one could say with trowning

Od m in htt Heaven
s watt with the world

Already the sap was lowering in the kettles so more wtt emptied from batt to to kettles by use of t patt The sap wte ladled from kettle to kettte and from left tt right The conte ce of the t t kettta on the right wtt becoming sweeter and swe er Fres green sap was always put in the large kettte on the left

Noon was ttound to what seemed no time at all Two huge potatoes had been covered with ashes and surrounded by two coals and now they re ready Three members boiled the eggs (in the sap) to a turn with salt and pepper the tots tf butter added we had meals t ftnet Our ktto appetites did add further relish Green sap would tette delicious but the resultant cramps were to be avoided Let"t taste the contents tf the small kettte How good tt was By 3 o clock there wtt jtst one httf barrel tf sap left t must stay from the fttmost ttttt rather would tend to the fire By 5o clock ett avatteblt sap wte used up att was now in tie small kettle The fire had been removed from the othe two and we could now relax somewhat with but the one to tend but not for long The fire must needs be carefully watched and be gradually lessened scorch g must be avo ded From time to time we tasted the syrup fot tt was tat that now Another twenty minutes it was off

Tttt was att of a good five gallons It would be simmered and clarified (with white of egg) upon the kitchen range on tht morrow The first run of sap always makes the best syrup and that proved delicious

We were tired but it had been a grand day At the wind up of that season school children came for a Taffee-pull the left over sap was used hat fun they had that April night around the open camp fire tt tates years when tree the worries of the work-a day would weigh heavy the burden it somewhat lessened by memories of Bottung Down *

During the 70s and 80s maple sugar as well as syrup was made in large quantities. Cane sugar was a scarce commodity. Maple sugar was the all purpose sweetener in Tecumseh. I recall my father telling of how in the original log house on the old homestead there was a stack of circular cakes of maple sugar 20" in diameter extending from floor to ceiling.

Chapter 14

A Heritage

We have seen how very loyal to the Crown were the early settlers of this our Township of Tecumseh, of how they rallied to stamp out the rebellion of 36/37 and later the Fenian Raids in the 60s, and most of us can recall the magnificent effort of our citizens during the 1st and 2nd World Wars. So too at the turn of the century during the Boer War enthusiasm reached a fevered pitch. As a child of eight or nine I delighted to play soldiering and along with neighbouring children endeavoured to emulate Buller, Roberts, Kitchener, Baden Powell and our own Colonel Otter. Modder River, Ladysmith, Kimberley, Mafeking we all enthused over. The Red Ensign and Union Jack seemed everywhere. Beeton sent [illegible] Kearns, Tottenham Bill Semple. [illegible] return of Lloyd being shouldered by the cheering crowd and carried through the village while the band played Rule Britannia and Soldiers of the Queen and of his presentation of a gold watch and chain.

Until somewhat after the turn of the century very little had been done to honour or perpetuate in memory the heroic feats and deeds of the early pioneers. Some of the early cemeteries were in a state of neglect, many tombstones and memorial slabs were lying down or leaning at a perilous angle. In some the grass and weeds would almost [illegible] a sense of

shame was felt by the average c tizen Something had to be done not only to improve the cemeteries but to commemorate the noble example and precepts of the early pioneers by the creation of manor of parks and the erection of cairns and plaques

So cemetary boards was organised and cemeteries were placed under perpetual care For one who had been absent for long years to go back and view those same cemeteries as the She it was indeed with a great sense of pride and satisfaction for the magnificent work done by the present generation Memorial parks were laid out cairns and plaques erected to honour both the early pioneers and the soldiers who so nobly sanctified their lives in the two world wars that posterity might the safer and richer be

In Tottenham a splendid Memorial Park was erected and a cenotaph erected in Memory of the lads of the 157th battalion who made the supreme sacrifice (1914-1918) The Tottenham Legion still going strong has been active ever since So also has the Beeton Legion Beeton has now a beautiful Memorial Park and Park Grounds with a plaque to honour its revered pioneer R J Jones Also at Bond Head a lovely park was created and a hall erected Plaques honouring Dr Orlando and the Honourable William Mulock were also erected The Ennis Rowe Memorial ark to the west and north of Pickering taking in many many acres with a large man-made lake will serve future generations with every recreational facility Then too the Pioneer Museum in Pickering has been completed

What a great heritage what a noble example these early pioneers have bequeathed future generations! May we never forget their great sacrifices and achievements, the clearing of the land the building of homes and above all the high standard of ideals and of morals they set as has their great sense of loyalty truly a noble heritage

and one that must be appreciated safeguarded and maintained by their descendants through the decades and yes the centuries to come

Far from the madding crowd s ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way

(Gray)

Cecil Talmage Hayes

son of

George Hayes

and

Jane Eliza Tegart

Born in Tecumseh Township January 6 1891

Served overseas four years in World War 1 with
C F A and C A A S

Farmed in Tecumseh near Bond Head from 1919 — 1946
retiring to Victoria B C

3809 Cuadra Street
Victoria, B.C.

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547
T4H3

MEMOIRS OF TECUMSEH TOWNSHIP

by

Cecil Talmage Hayes

Chapter 1

Grass Roots

The Industrial Revolution in Great Britain the meager living obtained by the poor Highlanders upon the bleak fells of Northern Scotland the poor potato crops of Ireland have all contributed to the great influx of settlers into our Township of Tecumseh in the early part of the nineteenth century In fact what is now the County of Simcoe was entirely wilderness although more than a century had elapsed since the founding of missions and early trading posts in the northern portion It was in 1819 that approximately one-third of the Selkirk Settlement in Manitoba driven out by the stern winters and the desultory strife between the North- est and Hudson Bay Trading Companies trekked eastward and took up land on the third fourth and fifth concessions of West Gwillimbury Township County of Simcoe approximately thirty-five miles north of Muddy York It is only now enterprising and prosperous "Scotch Settlement Just to the west of this settlement and in the same year James Manning and John Caswell took up land - Lot 24 on either side of the fifth concession line Manning on the north side Caswell on the south Caswell also obtained grant of Lot 23 next to Manning's holding In fact this Lot 23 right through from the fifth to the tenth concession line was at one time held by some member of the Caswell clan It is then with this early pioneer settlement in the southern portion of Tecumseh Township that we are herewith concerned and in the main their lives the events and some amusing incidents that occurred

Imagine then the entire area as one of primeval forest in fact a dense wilderness We do know that the Red-men had roamed and had sojourned in the area Various stone tools pipes and arrow-heads attest to this fact Indian graves and

burial grounds have been discovered but no white man had ever dwelt therein. Huge oak trees luxuriated on the heavy clay land east of Banville. Large pines, five feet in diameter, grew on the lighter soil to the west, whilst on the creek or bottom land tall and stately elms predominated. Maples were everywhere, ash, birch, basswood and ironwood were interspersed. In fact about thirty different varieties were to be found. Bear, lynx, fox and other species of wild animals inhabited the forest.

It was there to this forest wilderness that Canning Carswell and the succeeding pioneers had come to carve out homes for their wives and families. For this then they had given up their twenty or thirty-acre holdings in Northern Ireland, their crofts and shielings in Northern Scotland. They left behind their own kith and kin. With what nostalgia did they leave behind their vision of the heather and gorse covered moorlands; but they took fond memories with them. It was indeed a great adventure.

In 1820 John Coffey settled upon Lot 22 adjoining Carswell's Lot 23 and here, in the same year and in the original log home, Tecumseh's first white child, Richard, was born. Now we have had five generations of Coffeys where the eldest male child has always borne the name Richard. Mr. John Coffey was of Cornish ancestry and was a Peninsular or veteran. He pounded his wheat into meal in a hollowed oak stump near the Carswell line fence. The stump remained as a testimonial to the early pioneers until well after the turn of the century.

Further south on the third concession line Robert Clark settled and his name goes down in history as being the builder and the possessor of the first farm wagon in Tecumseh. It is related how he took the first load of wheat to Muddy York (now Toronto). He had hoped to bring home some tea as a surprise for his wife and family. For one sad and some fairly he did bring back but there was no tea. How disappointed he was.

Near by the little settlement of Dunkerron sprang up. They were mostly of North of Ireland stock, but several of the Quaker Faith had come over from the States. A little

Meeting house was erected in the late 30's. The epitaphs upon the tombstones in the adjoining cemetery pay tribute to the memory of these early pioneers. Several other communities were in existence by 1845. Penvilla on the fifth concession grew and was at one time the most enterprising community within the Township. Before the Hamilton North Western Railway went through from Hamilton to Lindsale via Tottenham and Beeton Penvilla boasted having five stores, three taverns and the only Township hall. In the evenings many an argument would be engaged in around the huge box stoves in the various stores. Horse yarns were often spun but are long politics would take over and often what commenced as a peaceful argument in the store would end up in a tavern in near fisticuffs. Upon one occasion, hitting the counter with great gusto, a certain pioneer revealed his unblemished knuckles to his adversary and said "Brownlee, and if you don't think they are as hard as nails just come on outside" and outside they went.

Just to the north of the village and on the old Brown farm the itinerant Methodist preacher Black had a meeting house built in the early thirties - and shortly after further south the Presbyterians established Monkmans with its adjoining cemetery. Early settlers in the Penville area included familiar names such as Ellison, Kitely, Bowman, Pennfield, Hilliard, McCurdy and Williams. So important a center had it become a given road was put through both north and south connecting with the Lloydtown-Toronto road.

Even before the Penville community was established two sturdy North of Ireland pioneers had taken up land in the vicinity of what is now the village of Tottenham. In 1823 John Totten possessed the crown deed of the north half of lot 6, concession 3. It is later became known as "the Lyons Farm". A little later one of the Tottens erected a store on the property and at the crossroads. The entire village was of course named Tottenham after its first pioneer. So in 1823 James Tennant a native of Tyrone County Ireland built himself a log home on lot concession A, one mile east of Totten's. He at first had but one or two acres, his money depleted, he trekked south and worked out for three months in the Toronto Gore area. With his earnings he purchased another or

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] s [illegible] a body of a man was found o[illegible] [illegible] returning to [illegible] e home near the [illegible] a s to[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] e froe [illegible] s f r the splitting of [illegible] s[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] edge lost in the woods He was buried where [illegible] s s tvets [illegible] t Tecart Cemetery This was the first white dea[illegible] and b rial i Tecumseh Nearby a Met odist [illegible] etion [illegible] o as was erected [illegible] y mother re membered the buildi[illegible] and recalled how the ne folk sat o the right hand side and the wome[illegible] on the left the aisle thus reinforcing what he believed to be his rightful superiority

Other settlers came in the early thirties to this area [illegible] the Lamp as and [illegible] lleas to the west Pierpoint Martins Billanas [illegible] stine and Dyce to the north and east [illegible] Martins lot 3 concession 3 the first school house in the Township was built of logs Though the three Rs had been taught ere this by Squire Ramsay in his home just south of [illegible] Lcox e to [illegible] ll on the eighth concession

By this time quite a little comm nity had been estab lished at Bond Head (so named after Sir Francis [illegible] lieutenant Governor of [illegible] pper Canada) part in Tecumseh part in [illegible] ewillimbury and o[illegible] the seventh concession line [illegible] lmost one mile west the Rev Osler [illegible] nglican had erected a church a d rectory Osler was a man of great energy an intellectual giant as well [illegible] e travelled over many [illegible] r iles on horseback ministering to the spiritual needs o[illegible] welfare of the early pioneers [illegible] e raised a large fa ily all became famous in the Dominion and Dr [illegible] illiam and his Practice of Medicine" achieved world wide fame [illegible] several stores [illegible] otels flour and feed mills and [illegible] blac[illegible] [illegible] ehoot were est blished and for a short time a [illegible] r [illegible] and ave [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

weslen mill and for a time did a thriving business. Hughes later moved to Tottenham and established a private bank. His son, L C Hughes published the "Sentinel". Henry Nolan dammed the creek that meandered north on the western fringe of the village. On the resultant pond he established a thriving milling and chopping business. The great mill wheel was still in use in the early nineteen thirties. Brown, ison, elker, Greenaway and nDermott were but a few of the names of the early settlers. Geo Nolan was Tottenham's first Reeve.

Over north on the eighth concession line and on the western fringe of the great swamp farms were established by Brownley, Cook, Jammeli, ill, Kearns, McCarthy and Wright. Farther east Cross, Dunham, Robinson, Smith and McDermott settled and so in between these two settlements and extending north to the ninth concession line there grew up the village of Clarkeville named after Robert Clark the first blacksmith. Later the name was changed to Beeton to do honour to the great D A Jones who introduced the Bee Industry in the Dominion procuring his first colony of Bees in Italy. Jones' bees became famous, the honey was of first quality.

Great rivalry existed between the villages of Beeton and Tottenham right down to the close of the century. On either side of the G T R tracks and just north of the Corporation of Tottenham there grew the most luxuriant sweet clover. While attending school at Tottenham in the early 1900s and rounding the race course endeavouring to emulate the great Tom ... I enquired, "How come so much sweet clover?" "Oh thiat, D A Jones of Beeton planted it. In going to and from Toronto he carried the seed in his greatcoat pockets and broadcasted it from the train windows for the benefit of Beeton and the Jones' bees and to the detriment of Tottenham", for in those days sweet clover was considered to be a horrible weed and an eye-sore. Perhaps then too the fine quality of the Jones' honey was in no small measure due to the clover nourished on Tottenham's high and well-drained soil. However that may be, D A really did have the welfare of Beeton at heart. He planned the streets and the fair grounds, he too planted the maples that make it so beautiful. He also helped to establish the fine water system which was

further developed and preserved by T A Chapman

It has now been established that in this the southern portion of the Township Cerswell and Manning were the first settlers that Richard Coffey was the first white child born therein; the first burial was in Mt Tegart Cemetery the first school was Martins the first church Bond Head Anglican; also that the three Rs were first taught by Squire Ramsay He too performed the first marriage ceremony uniting Margaret Kidd and Henry Morris both of Essa Township The various communities had now passed the formative stage

Prior to the building of the railways Penville and Bon Head were the all important centers In the Townehip Hall at Penville many important pubiic meetings were heid and many a heated diacuesion took place erhaps no meeting was more momentoue than that addressed by William Lyon McKenzie just prior to the rebeliion of 36 and 37 Lloyd-town had been a rallying point for his supporters They drilled there using it is eaid loaves of bread for target practice but at Penvilla the meeting was early broken up the loyalists were in the great majority

Chapter 2

Incidentally

ith the building of the railway Beaton and Tottenham thrived and Penville and Bond Head declined Penville perhaps the more quickly In regard to Penville a decline in 1920 while passing through the hamlet with a load of sheaf oats we (my father and I) were hailed by an elderly resident who with his son James was tearing down one of Penvilla's three old taverns Looking back with regret upon the decline of his beloved Penville John said Do you knowa Geordie (my father) soon there ll be noones left herea in Penvil's but Tom and Jimmies But I am glad to say some forty years later that Penville ie etlll on the map

Politics were taken very seriously by the early pioneers. The North of Ireland settlers and the U.E. Is were particularly loyal and eager to uphold the Crown and the British connection at all times. We have mentioned the enthusiasm revealed at the Ba ville hall. When the rebellion came to a head a volunteer force was raised in this the southern portion of the Township. One company marched down the eighth concession line from Beeton and another down the fifth. They were to meet in Bond Head and continue east over the corduroy road to Bradford and Holland Landing. As the company proceeded down the fifth a certain private R[illegible] espying a McKenzie supporter shingling on top of the woodyard house said: By dads, there's one of the scoundrels. Apparently taking aim at [illegible] across it was high or far for [illegible] who knows? He pulled the trigger as private R[illegible] hit the muzzle upwards and high overhead through a bevy of blackbirds whizzed the bullet. By the time they reached Yonge Street near Newmarket word of the rout of McKenzie at Montgomery Tavern reached them and so they returned to their homes knowing that the country was safe again.

Later at the time of the Fenian uprising in 66 a public meeting was held in the first log school at Bertie. Feeling waxed strong and ardent Tory saying to Irish rebel sympathizer "Go home, Go home" you old rebelly Irish to your auld rotten bedsteads ("Irish made furniture and small implements). Irish did go home and hastily.

This enthusiasm carried on through the seventies and eighties an' even to the century mark. In 1[illegible]6 and just prior to the provincial election the Tories nominated Naughton Lennox an up and coming young barrister who every morning drove a spanking team of bays seven miles to his Barrie office. E. Lemmail of Beeton who had lost out at the convention to Lennox decided to run as an Independent. Yea the Grits would support him as would a goodly number of church and Tory friends. Election day was at hand. Six or seven Tories standing outside the [illegible]tel (Liberal) (for better to patronize a Liberal than a [illegible] coat Tory) suddenly saw a runaway horse and buggy come pelting down the trail from the west. It was an old rattly buggy with tires loose

one line over the dash the other away out to the right. I can stop it' I can stop it'" a strapping Tory stalwart said putting one foot over the railing and he proceeded to do so when another six footer grasped his shoulder saying "Stop stop it's a Yankee it's a Yankee let it go to ---" and I suppose it did. The horse belonged to the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel who though a Tory was supporting Yankee. In this case the horse proved to be a better Tory than his master. Lennox won the election by a narrow margin. Lennox was elected shortly after to the Dominion House. In later years he served as Justice of the Supreme Court.

Upon another occasion an elector trudged over a hundred miles from beyond Owen Sound to tender his vote. "We'll win! We'll win!" he exulted. "When the faraway branches come in you're bound to win."

What a sturdy stock they were these early pioneers of Tecumseh. And how well did the second and third generations emulate their forbears. The early settlers felled the trees built log homes cleared the land grew and garnered bounteous crops on the sparse clearings; their wives reared the young (families of eight to ten were common) brought water from the nearest spring spun the cloth and yes even sometimes they helped with the crops. They also inspired their families' high ideals by example and precept. The second and third generations carried on they enlarged the clearings took out stumps made lime in kilns and from the surplus wood charcoal. In early spring they tapped the maples and made syrup and sugar from the sap and feasted on those goodies for the next twelve months food far fitter for the Gods on Mount Olympus than their nectar and honey. The log houses were superseded by eight and ten-roomed solid brick dwellings and huge bank barns replaced the earlier log structures. Neighbors helped one another and a wonderful social life was maintained within the community.

The population peak was reached during the sixties and seventies and prior to the building of the first railway small holdings were occupied by wagon-makers mill-rights

carpenters, blacksmiths and other craftsmen. Teenagers stayed at home — no huge factories or department stores, no theatres, in fact no city lights to lure them away from the farm. A strenuous, yet satisfying, life it was. Looking back from the 1960s it seems almost the ideal community life - the country dance, the church social, the quilting bee, the spelling match and debate held in the local school house; all played their part in keeping the community life wholesome. Numerous orange lodges sprang up in this community of patriotic citizens, many being of Ulster stock. Meetings were held at Arnaret in 1845 and soon lodges were organized at Penville, Beaton, Tottenham, Bond Head and Rich Hill. Also there was Hayes' Lodge hall at Lot 5, concession seven.

Chapter 3

And the Fairies Came

Children all down the decades delight to listen to stories, both those founded on fact and those entirely fictitious. The art of story-telling is fast dying out. Television and radio reign supreme. In the 60s and 70s each community had its chief storyteller. At this period many children from neighbouring homes delighted to hear Dan McCurdy (Lot 13, concession 5) spin his yarns. This sturdy pioneer whose great exuberance and zest for life was bubbling over found an outlet in story-telling. So on weekends many boys and yes, sometimes girls, would gather 'round the huge stone fireplace and would listen wide eyed and with mouths agape to their idol, old Dan. Some of his yarns concerned his wonderful black and white cattle dog 'Bandy'. The hand was white - white on black. Two of them went something like this -

Bandy was by all odds the best cattle dog in the entire neighbourhood. He would drive the cows ever so carefully, yet when they started off in the wrong direction he

Chapter 4

Pioneering

The early settlers possessed indeed the most primitive of implements The reaping hook was superseded by the scythe and then the cradle The wooden moldboard plow gave way to steel What great news it was that Squire Ramsay had a coffee mill that would grind wheat into flour There would be no more arduous trips with small grists on horseback over the rough corduroy road to the Holland Landing mill In the 60s and 70s water power was used The reaper and then the mower was introduced The flail used in earlier times for threshing the grain was laid aside and only used in cold frosty weather for the threshing of peas What a picturesque scene was the cutting of feed and threshing by horsepower Horses secured to the arms of the horsepower going around in a circle the spindles revolving the jacks creaking and making a deafening noise Then came the horse engine and by the close of the century the traction engine

As community life expanded neighbours helped one another at logging bees barn raisings harvest time and at threshings Before the date of the accustomed bee a supply of grog was usually obtained and so "John Barley-Corn" played its part in keeping life from getting too monotonous

Josh and Betty who lived in a little log house on Lot 10 just south of the sixth concession line were going to have a small bee so they must needs get in a supply of cheer Down to Penville they trudged this certain afternoon returning just after dark They took turns in shouldering the small keg — oh but it was a dark night But they were nearly home now for there was the tall Lombardy Poplar on the left just another quarter mile But there what was that? Something white darted from behind the tree — an apparition perhaps? Josh bore the keg just

then. It was it was hastening towards him. A ghost Betty he shouted "A ghost" and he dropped the keg and ran. Men do their part and toil and moil to supply the wherewithal for family and for home but often it is the gentler sex that come to the fore in time of dire extremity. So here Betty was the valiant one. "Stop Jack stop Jack. It is no ghost it is no ghost. It is only Sandie Hayes." Father was wrapped in a sheet and Betty's fortitude prevailed and he saved the day or rather the night for man and the keg for the bee of the morrow.

A certain old timer finding himself in Bredford stony-broke used as a foil the rebit of the settlers of getting in a supply of grog are a bee was held. It made the rounds of the five taverns. To each proprietor in turn he said "We're going to be havin quite a large bee on the morrow and will be the needin' of several kegs. We would like the very best. Had I but a taste I would know if it would suit." Here have a taste" and each proprietor placed before Jack a glassful and so he became "full the first and once nappy too." This same man was a particularly good ploughman being especially careful when ploughing around pine stumps. He got the name for breaking fewer plough shares than any man in all the neighbourhood his horses being trained to obey every cautionary "Whoa!!" The trouble with Jack was that at certain times he got very thirsty and when the thirst came on he would unhitch the team, sometimes leaving them at the stable door and away he would hasten to the nearest tavern. On this occasion he returned near midnight of the second day. Instead of going directly to his own room he went into that of his employer. Down on his knees he sank and prayed. "God bless father, God bless mother, God bless Robert (a brother) God bless our Katie (his favourite sister) God bless Geordie Hayes" (his employer). Then "God bless brother Tom." Here he stopped short a short pause and then in a loud voice "Oh to h--- with Tom." Something came between Tom and himself.

One more - a circus has come to Bredford. Indeed a very good circus for those early times. The proprietor

of the inn where the circus personnel stayed noticed there was no camel in the show It was a rainy day and many customers were in I see you have no camel - maybe I could help said the proprietor to the circus manager "You mean to say you could get me a camel?" "Well we'll see" said the hotel man Come with me and all hands assembly followed to the stable Entering a box stall and brushing some straw carefully away he revealed a hump "Only a dromedary" (a one hump camel) Some more brushing revealed a humpback patron who was quietly sleeping it off Of course the circus manager was taken in "All right boys the drinks are on me"; and he treated all hands

Actually a Mr J D Walker sometime merchant of Tottenham crated a man in a merchandise box and had him shipped to a friend in Bradford via Allandale Enough for John Barley-Corn

Tests of endurance and skill were common A cradler and binder would commence at a corner of a field so far behind another pair and so on each pair taking a swath of a certain width Often as they worked they would sing snatches of a song or would recite some favourite verses - "The boy stood on the burning deck" and "Bingan on the Rhine" were the favourites of one champion team Bats and drink would be brought out to the field Often they would work on till bleek dark

At barn raisings too there was always great excitement - sides would be chosen by the two captains These all would cooperate until the bents were up with the command "Heave" the men won't lift on the timbers in unison and when they were up a few feet the pikes would be sunk into the timbers several men to each pole The captains would shout Heave Heave Steady lads All together now" and soon do l bent would be up This was repeated until all were up then the rees was really on with amazing speed the purlin plates and other timbers were put in place and then came the rafters First one side would have the advantage then the other Sometimes an accident would occur a pike or brace might fall or a men running the

timbers high up might overbalance and fall A doctor was generally in attendance an first aid administered to any injured As soon as one side had completed their task they would give three rousing cheers scramble down and make for the tables (spread outside on the lawn) loaded with good things After a hearty repast dancing and other merriment was engaged in until the wee small hours

Individual feats of skill an exploits were common John Mc lane walked to Lloydtown purchased a sugar kettle and trudged home a good five miles to Lot 10 Concession 3 carrying it over his head Also Andy Farrell quite a little man carried a wooden mouldboard plow over his shoulders from Lloydtown to his holding near the Ajelo townline south west of Tottenham One of the Martin clan known familiarly as Goom-boo-Gaw (from an expression he used that was a hand-me down from his forbears in the old country) was known far and wide as the champion narrowood cutter Then too there was a man small of stature never weighing more than 135 lbs who could shoulder with one hand a bag of peas (2 1/2 bushels) and that while standing in a bushel measure so he could not bend his knees Also there was the good woman who uneasy at the long delayed return of her husband had taken a load of dressed pork to Toronto She set out at daybreak reached the Peacock Inn (east Toronto) by sundown a good 40 miles and had him whom she had taken for better or for worse safely at home on the morrow

Chapter 5

Politics

We have seen the great interest taken in politics on the Dominion and Provincial levels now just a few words concerning municipal affairs Each township had its own governing body - a reeve deputy reeve and three councillors Road work in the early 90s was done under the Pathmaster

system. It was now claimed by many that this system was outmoded some had to do too much road work others not enough. Favouritism was claimed to be rampant so the council passed a motion to appoint a commissioner over each of the six sub-divisions to superintend the road work Modern graders replaced the old horse-drawn scraper Taxes went up and rumblings of discontent were heard from some of the electmate but in the long run it worked The same system prevails to this day

Other important issues aroused and divided the electorate there was the high school question It was thought that there would only be one high school in the township and Tottenham claimed it was entitled to it Beeton likewise The council was divided on the issue as at the ensuing annual election there was a clear division of public opinion on the matter Those living north of the sixth connession line (for the most part) favoured Beeton; those to the south Tottenham Two complete slates of candidates were nominated The north slate being James Banting reeve Robert Banting deputy and three councillors The south slate was reeve John Semple deputy Geo Hayes and three councillors The north comprising by far the greater area did of course carry the election The entire slate save R Banting was elected The next morning Robert had occasion to go to Tottenham James Scanlon tavern keeper one concession south of the village espying Robert came out to console with him I'm sorry Robert I'm sorry But there's one thing you sure got my vote James had not heard the result or so a poll else he would not have pulled that boner Robert laugh on his hearty laugh I didn't James I didn't for if only I got mary's vote Then giving his nag a lap with the loose ends of the reins and with a loud "Get a long there" he was off leaving Scanlon to think that one over

We have traced the early beginnings of the religious life of the community and the building of the first meeting houses and churches of the three protestant denominations anglican Methodist and presbyterian The anglicans later built churches in Tottenham and Beeton

Also St John's on the sixth concession line. The Presbyterians also established congregations and built churches in both villages. Likewise the Methodists who in addition had churches at Rich Hill, Tecumseh on the west town line and at Thompsonville. Also about the mid-century mark pioneers of the Roman Catholic faith built a chapel on lot 15 on the second concession line and at about the same time a parish and church (St. Francis) was established in Tottenham that later a splendid brick chapel (St. James) was built at Colgan on the Adjala side of the town line. The religious and moral life of the community has indeed been well looked after. Too high a tribute cannot be paid to Rev. Osler, to preacher Black and to Rev. W. Fraser, as well as to the clergy of later years who followed in their footsteps. In early pioneer times they were tireless in their efforts and how welcome were their visitations.

By the early 70s substantial brick churches had replaced the earlier wooden structures. Generally the parson or preacher would have three services on the Sabbath. The churches were neatly filled to capacity. Salvation and damnation were proclaimed from the pulpit in dramatic fashion. The weekdays too were busy ones for the Reverend gentleman. Weddings and funerals, the visitation of the homes, especially of the sick and afflicted were attended to. Salaries were meager but were augmented by personal gifts of butter, eggs, etc. These were greatly appreciated but if the good housewife occasionally forgot - the man of the cloth was not remiss when bidding farewell to remark on the thrifty appearance of the fowl or of the wondrous growth of the garden. Then the lady of the house would excuse herself soon reappearing with something for the Reverend's wife - a pound of butter, a dozen eggs, some apples for the children, and next time for sure it would be a fowl. On each visitation the Reverend gentleman would lead in family worship and in prayer. How refreshing and uplifting! Just as early log and frame churches gave way to more modern buildings so also with the schools, and by the 70s and 80s the Ryerson little red brick had made its appearance up and down the countryside. The pupils were drilled in the three Rs and what penmanship

those early teachers and their pupils displayed. How well the family bibles attest to their painstaking skill. Like the churches the schools too were well attended especially during the winter months the boys of 16 or 18 attended making amends for their absence in times of seeding and of harvest. To keep order the teacher must needs be a good disciplinarian and a premium was placed upon the hefty male teacher. The teacher's desk contained a birch rod and in later years a rubber strap. Schoolboys of the stern past knew the birch rod not to be as well as for its bark. The birch was indeed the aunt tree of knowledge.

What good times they had and what pranks were played in those early days. In the old school-house at No. 6 formerly Martins the benches were placed from outside in forming a rectangle in the centre. This central space was occupied by the teacher while in class as being taught. What a glorious opportunity for relaxation there was for those sitting at the back of the teacher but should the culprit be found out what ceremonies

East of the school some two hundred yards was the Anderson pond. In winter time the older pupils would skate upon the ice surfaces during the noon hour. On this particular day a gangling youth broke through the rubbery surface just as the teacher's hand bell sounded time for school time for school. The youth all dripping went into the kindly Anderson home got a change of clothing and came back to school. Through the window he saw the teacher's back was to the door so he noiselessly tiptoed in regaining his seat without any rope pulls. In later years he taught in the red brick school on the same site.

We all like to look back and reminisce upon the pranks played in our schoolhood days. About the turn of the century (oh it was a cold and blustry morning) drifts were piled high upon the roads over over the top of the rail fences. Only six or seven pupils turned up and after building the fire in the big box stove and having gotten warmed up we played jackknife on the soft pine bench back of the stove awaiting the arrival of teacher 9:45 and still

no teacher [illegible] e decided to lock up and go home [illegible] pupil was sent out to the stile [illegible] have [illegible] e last look old Fred e long black ears were jus[illegible] showing up over Dillanee hill - we scurried back into the school leaving one to lock the school door put the key in [illegible] usual hide-a-way and climb in through a [illegible] ide window Then all got into the cupboards at the back of [illegible] h [illegible] e kept silent as mine Teach r cam [illegible] [illegible] fir [illegible] was well checked and then after linge [illegible] ore [illegible] she departed Out we scrambled making a great [illegible] eacher returned all smiles and we had a short [illegible] enjoyable day at school

Chapter 6

Exuberance

The exuberance of youth was carried over to the grown ups and many indeed were the pranks played at the various bees and other [illegible] The carpenters and the masons who were framing the [illegible] and building the foundation for the Hayes [illegible] n 1754 had just concluded a busy week [illegible] e work end on the Saturday night wished to go over the hills to Beeton to regal themselves The regular work team was tired so the [illegible] brothers o the next lot east who also wished to go [illegible] th village brought up e horse to go along with th [illegible] ayes [illegible] So off the gang went to Beeton [illegible] thunder [illegible] up and in a lull between showe s they st [illegible] d [illegible] home The workmen commenced teasing the [illegible] w [illegible] on the front seat of the democrat with [illegible] be t dri [illegible] g Things were getting pretty hot Eve another [illegible] failed to dampen the levity Halfway up the steep [illegible] hill things began to really pop Eli slipped down in the inky darkness unsnapped the lines undid the traces of their nag Albert by this time was astride Eli was up behind him and off home they went leaving the Hayes horse the democrat and the gang to slithe into the ditch What with another downpour they had quite a night of it

The following prank was played at a feed-cutting bee at Mr. [illegible] on the [illegible] occasion. Oh it was a cold and frosty day and [illegible] cutting the sharpening of the cutting knives something simply had to be done to stir up the blood to forget the cold. A sleepy barn owl had been seen high up on a purlin plate. Mr. Thompson was [illegible] the only one [illegible] urging to go to the house for [illegible] While he was away the owl was secured in [illegible] the biscuit box and a piece of frozen cow manure [illegible] covered was shaped and placed just where the owl had been. Yes it looked just like the owl but there was Thompson coming with the gun. "Do you see him [illegible]?" "Yes, yes I'll get him" Bang! "You have pinned him to the rafter" someone shouted. "By gads I have" [illegible] way up he climbed [illegible] about to grab the supposed dead owl when he saw reality staring him in the face. Imagine his chagrin. The gang was hilarious. "There never was an owl" Thompson said. At supper time they showed him the biscuit box and the owl. For weeks he would not speak to the one he thought planned the prank.

In our barn there was a scaffold built to hold oat sheeves for the cutting of feed. In the late autumn the straw carriers used at that time on threshing machines passed close under the scaffold and up out of doors to the stack. There were five stackers and a sixth who stood close to the carrier and passed the straw back. This day two men secured an empty [illegible] barrel on the scaffold and at the opportune moment put it on the carrier steering it carefully until the [illegible] over John's head. He had a kerchief hanging down from his hat to keep off the dust and with his head [illegible] the barrel. That moaning and groaning [illegible] invective.

John [illegible] was at his post as usual. The noon whistle [illegible] sounded. As soon as the stack was clear [illegible] hurriedly dug a pit in the stack just under the carrier. They then put a couple of tree branches across the pit covering them with straw. On resumption of work at 1 o'clock John, of course, tumbled in and was covered with straw. Very often the

perpetrators of such pranks would remunerate with some trifle or other. In this case perchance a plug of McDonald's chewing considered an excellent remedy for throat irritation from the threshing dust.

Sometimes it would be the good housewife who would be the victim of the pranksters and a particularly good looking pie would be missing from the swing-shelf if placed too close to the cellar window. All was taken in good part. How those jolly occasions are forever gone. The combine has replaced the threshing machine and bees of various kinds are extinct. Always a great sense of humour prevailed among the pioneers. Over on the third concession line south west of Tottenham, Hamilton Cowan was having a fatted calf killed and dressed. He asked neighbours Brawley and Williams to help. Next morning on Tottenham's four corners they were telling of how

Hamilton Cowan killed a calf
John Brawley got the half
Christie Williams got the tail
For the [illegible] of a flail

Citizens for some miles [illegible] knew that on the third and f[illegible] concessions [illegible] in close proximity the Grays, the [illegible], the Corbetts, Cooke and the Crows and that ever [illegible] nearly all the colours of the rainbow were to be found. There were the Browns, Blacks the Grays, Greens and the Whites.

Chapter 7

Cronies

Now will you come with me and meet some of my acquaintances of yesteryears, some of the older folk and how they appeared to a child of 5 towards the close of the

iest century not forgetting that we in our turn might appear just as quaint to the little tots of our generation.

First there was Mr A--- who lived on the farm back of us. He was a fairly tall man with pink cheeks and long white hair. Once a week with great regularity he would come along the bush track upon his white nag. He would be going down to a neighbour on the fifth concession line for a jar of buttermilk; how he did like buttermilk. Upon his return journey he would tie his steed to a post of the lane fence, come into the house and after the customary greeting which included a discussion of the weather and a statement concerning his present state of health he would proceed to search his vest pockets invariably coming up with a stick of liquorice. Handing it to me he would say, "Take this my lad, some day you will rule the acres that you will." Sixty-five or so years later I am sorry to admit his prophesy has not been fulfilled.

Now we meet Mr B--- of medium height, a broad man with a large moon like face, long hair, white and silk. He wore a large frock double breasted coat, three quarter length with huge brass buttons. He did not call so often as Mr A, living farther away. I always liked to see him come and count out twenty large gold coins and pass them over to father. How they did shine, especially when the sunlight fell upon them. Alas the gold did not remain in father's hands for long, ever it had to be paid over to a third party. Mr B always brought to mind the vision of King Midas.

Mr Davey Dick was quite a little man with a small nut brown face, small keen brown eyes and close cropped hair. He even wore a dark brown close ribbed cardigan, the pockets of which were small. Each had but five large purple plums and always did when plums were in season. So of course Davey was ever a welcome entrant to our laneway. Poor Davey was subject to fits and aroused our sympathy. The older boys teased him and then how he did chase them, jerking stones at them as fast and as straight like from a rifle. Davey had a nickname for the neighbours - Mr. Cord

with whom he lived was Gourley" Albert Allen, a huge gangling youth was Sampson Mr Jefferies was "Jarvis" my father "Wee Geordie" and Joseph Bramham who was expert in handling the horse scraper was, of course "Joe the scraper man" and so on.

There was Ted Tennie whom our black and white collie always welcomed with a certain plaintive bark. He was a tall man head slightly stooped with age. His hair was long and white fine too like silk and curled upwards at the back of the neck. He wore a three-quarter length frock coat black too, as was his broad brimmed soft felt hat and he leaned heavily upon a black thorn staff. I looked upon him as a Quaker. He was one of our more distinguished guests. In this category also was Mr Joseph Ellison ex pedagogue of excellent penmanship.

Then too there were the ladies. God bless them!! Two elderly ladies used to drive over and visit with us twice yearly. I always welcomed their coming. They were ever dressed in black with lace collars and cuffs and they wore bonnets. After the conversation had waned a little I would bring from the cellar the largest and reddest apples I could find and serve them with plates and knives. Shortly after, the more talkative one would bring forth her dainty lace handkerchief and untying a knot she released a shiny victorian five cent piece. After a pat and a hug and a "this is for you" my attention turned toward the other lady. This time it was the larger ten cent piece. She too patted my head - her whole face went crinkly and her eyes effused friendliness. I liked them both but she that gave me the ten cent piece - well a little bit the more.

Also there was Fanny Riley a very distant relative I was told who visited us about three times a year and for two or three days. Her hair was not auburn not a fiery red but of an in between tinge and was tied in a bun at the back of her head. She was ruddy faced and had freckles. She would call me over run her long fingers through my hair, and say "Poor wee Teezel (for Cecil) I

ave something for you" and her hands would search among the many pleats and folds of her voluminous skirt for a certain mysterious pocket and from which at least a bag of mixed candy was forthcoming. The trouble with Ann was that on the second or third day of her stay she would take affront at something father or mother would unwittingly say, then a real huff would come over her; "I'll never come back here again - I never will" and out the lane she would stomp invariably forgetting her umbrella or maybe a pair of rubbers. She would get as far as the roadway, come back for the forgotten article and often would make up again.

Then too there was the very important lady in the village bake-shop who [illegible] kept such wondrous candy - I would stand before the great showcase starry eyed. Six pennies would only buy six candies but each would be as large as what you would pay five or ten cents for today though spoken of as a kindly woman. I thought her rather sharp. While considering which ones I should select I was suddenly startled by "Which will you have eh! eh! eh!" A sharp chin and a long nose had come well over the showcase. I meekly replied "Please two of those caramels wrapped in the [illegible] paper, two peanut chews and two bull's-eyes." Upon receiving the candy I made a hasty retreat.

Now I must not forget my Great Aunt Sally. I did not see her very often but what a great person she seemed to be. She was a fairly tall lady, wore a black dress trimmed with white lace and also she wore a lace cap or head covering. Her long clay pipe intrigued me - so I needs must pick it up - but woe to me! I let it fall to the floor and it was broke! Yes, I had no right touching it and I was in her bad graces. What could I do to make amends? Father came to my rescue and soothingly said "Never mind, come along with me to Tottenham" and after a nice ride behind the sorrel "Joe" we purchased not one but six clay pipes at Hammells store. Best of all Aunt Sally was my friend again. She put her arms around me and gave me a wholesome hug.

Then there were the various peddlers and yes the travellers of the road the hoboes of bygone days - all intrigued me There was old Billy Johnstone with a peg leg and his one-horse wagon filled with shiny tinware pails cullenders funnels and pans of all kinds One third down our laneway he would blow his horn Collie too would announce his coming with a special "welcome bark" How nice it was to see him hand over to mother some shiny utensil

I too recall these small but sturdy Armenian peddlers who went about on foot and carried two cases or packs - one large and thick packed with dry goods Everything seen in a dry goods store seemed to be there - kerchiefs towels aprons shirts dresses hose and lingerie The other case contained combs knives and other cutlery jewellry pipes etc Not only would the good housewife purchase but the hired man also would be approached "Buy a nice pipe Mr John; this one I brought especially for you" But again the marvel of how they trudged over the rough and hilly roads with those great cases and packs; sweat would ooze from their foreheads Heart disease from tension plays havoc with the modern high pressure salesmen but how those peddling salesmen of bygone days escaped the penalty I'll never know; One Armenian had so much on his mind that he came all the way from Rich Hill some three miles minus his smaller case of jewellry After displaying his dry goods to mother he missed the case and accused her of taking or of hiding it He went out into the laneway and rolled over and over I'll take my life I'll take my life! he said At last mother persuaded him to retrace his steps and there sure enough at the abode of his last purchaser was the case

Soon after the turn of the century a nomad peddler asked overnight lodging for himself and steed at our farm home After satisfying the inner men and displaying his wares he brought in what seemed a most unusual contraption When he set it up and adjusted the horn we realized it was --- yes it was a gramaphone - the

very first we had ever seen. After a squeaky start there were words and yes music - well of a kind. He was going to entertain us and so pay for the lodging. Two of the numbers went something like this

"Jerry Murphy is a friend of mine
He drinks beer but I drink wine."

and

"Three women to every man
O say that if you can
Why don't every man
Have three wives."

Sorry I'm no musician and cannot write notes.

A gentleman of the highway came in our laneway one Saturday afternoon when we children were alone. A little afraid we locked the front door, secured the back kitchen door with a pair of scissors in the keeper over the latch, then we hid in the cloakroom and awaited his visitation. A rap on the kitchen door. No answer. Another rap! Two or three minutes passed then another rap! We kept silent, our hearts in our mouths. At last he retreated. Then someone coughed. He came back again and waited for ten or fifteen minutes. Upon going out he slammed the woodshed doors, when a huge clothes boiler fell to the floor. Once more he came back - another long wait and then he went, this time for good.

Upon yet another occasion I met a knight of the road but one who never would have passed for one of Robin's Gang. It was a Friday evening as I was passing the old McCurdy homestead this knight of the road was approaching from the opposite direction. A knotted red 'kerchief upon his head, a pack on his back and a crooked stick in his right hand. He was barefoot, his boots tied together hung over a shoulder and he had a long stubble for a beard. Would I be brave and meet him on the roadway? He then looked up at me and raised his stick; that

wee enough - over the reii fence I ecrambled end ren
"eli feeter than ever before Upon regeining the reed-
wey eome two hucdred yords beyono the knight errant I
looked beck et the receding figure The peipitetion
hed ceeeed and life eeemed eil roey egein

Chapter 8

Mere Cronlee

What e pictnreeque figure eed cheracter was
our Public Schooi Inspector - the Reverend Thomee McKee.
Teli and dignified he hed eomething of the Tennyeenian
look including whiskers Having worn the cloth did eise
edd to hie dignity Then too he wore e swaliow teii
coat He would knock on the echooi door end immediately
enter "Good morning Miee Blenk e cheir would he
pleced upon the pietform for him Genereiiy he would
heve the teecher cerry on with the clees cioeing hie
eyee and twiddling his thumbs Did I eny cioeing? Oh
no' It seemed ee but he did not eise e thing He hed
e teli memory end would efter pick on e certein pupii
time efter time end e reguier pentomine would ensue
Some detested him I iiked to see him both come end go
Down towerd the door he would etride with each footfeli
e word of his foreweliing would reverberate about the
room And-I-wish-you-every eccess I eeid the
Inepector rapped on the door but this wee not alweye ee
Juet before the ciose of the century he wee wont to
enter the echool without repping end in Mt Pleesent
School Reee Townehip just eouth of Thornton e hefty meie
teecher took exception to this Upon this occesion he
met the inspector helf-wey down the roce end eeked him
to go out end reenter in the proper jenner The Public
School Inspector edvenced just one etep "Biff" e
ieft hook to the eye The Inspector did not return
thet day but on hie next visietation he firet rapped on
the door

When I first went to Tottenham school a new lady teacher had just commenced her duties for the autumn term. Upon the Inspector's first visit thereafter "What did you say your name was?" "Miss Hattie Tremeer" our teacher replied sedately. "Miss Hattie Metreer?" from the Inspector. "No, Miss Hattie Tremeer" her voice rising slightly. "But have you no second name Miss Metreer? I mean, Yes, Miss Tremeer." She snapped back "Hattie Maude Tremeer." Miss Tremeer became one of his most respected and esteemed teachers.

Soon after his ordination the Rev. John Totten, named after Tottenham's pioneer settler and whose kinsman he was, united in holy bonds of matrimony John "A" and the widow "B". John was of the dreamy mould and when asked by the Reverend "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" replied with a muddled "Eh"! The Rev. Totten repeated the question and again John answered with another puzzled "Eh". Once more "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" - a pause - "Say I will John". John meekly and softly replied "Say I will."

In 1921 the United Farmers of Ontario were victorious at the polls. On the Saturday night following the election I drove (horse and buggy) into Tottenham for the weekend's groceries. Many farmers were milling about in a jovial and hilarious mood. The local miller, a staunch Liberal, me just as ardent a Tory, asked "Oh by the way, do you happen to know the U.F.O. password and grip?" "Oh no I don't" I innocently replied, inter-locking the fingers of his right hand with mine. "Do not grip too tightly, loosely now, that's it." He began swinging my arm to and fro slowly just like the motion of a cow's tail swishing away the flies. Keeping time to the rhythm of our swinging arms he divulged the password "co-boss-y, co-boss-y." The resultant laugh caused some of the passing U.F.O. stalwarts to stop and stare at me. What right had we, an ardent Liberal and Tory, to enthuse? This was their night.

When the carpenters were working on our barn Mr [illegible] of the adjoining farm was often over at our place He loved to ply the [illegible] with all kinds of questions loved also to tell them tall tales This day it was almost noon when he came along He was in the grainery The men had hoped to complete it ere noon but he was bothering them Was not that Albert (his son) calling him? but he did not take the hint to go Just then mother sounded the dinner gong One hurriedly put the staple and latch on the outside of the door The lock was snapped and the men scrammed for dinner James was locked in Have pity on a poor dying man Have pity on a poor young man His shouts carried to the house and amused the gang

James was indeed quite a character being somewhat of a philosopher and like most was not over fond of work Their farm was very hilly and full of stumps and often on those first warm days in early April he would sit on the south side of some huge pine stump sunning himself truly a herbinger of Spring In oat harvest he would direct the work from his vantage point again a pine stump His two tall robust gangling sons would be loading the sheaves Albert the elder upon the wagon Eli pitching on Hi there Albert man Keep to the high side keep to the high side" he would shout in a loud voice that could easily be heard a good half mile away Many an upset was thus averted

Albert and Eli were ingenuous youths - threshing engines fascinated them One old model was ever in their yard this they experimented with "Oh yes it had its faults - they could improve upon it " The lads seldom got into trouble Just once did they slip from the straight and narrow path They were locked up in the "birdcages in Beeton s new town hall awaiting their appearance before the magistrate They escaped to the farm and had constables Nasor and Appleton a right merry chase up hill and down dale and in the woods ere the strong arm of the law caught up with them

Then there were the Devlin Boys. Even when in their seventies they remained "the Devlin Boys". Paddy and Frank had come over from their native Armagh when mere lads. Though of the Roman Catholic faith and attending mass at least twice a year they sojourned mostly among the Protestants of Tecumseh whose forbears had come from the same locale in Ireland. They were soft spoken and possessed a plenteous supply of real Irish wit. They were wont to work a week or two at one farm and with a little money in pocket would go to the village and perhaps serve as hostlers for lodge and board; then another sojourn in the country with a different farmer. They were excellent ploughmen and marvellous at loading peas on the wagon. They would gather up a bundle of vines deftly and place it in the very right spot for the builder. They were carefree and had no financial problems. The good women of the house might be glad of their departure yet at the time of their next visitation the welcome sign would be out. Their Irish wit and mannerisms made them welcome. One Saturday night in the days of the open bar Frank, who could just navigate Tottenham's four corners, met the local Massey-Harris agent (an old friend). In his broadest Irish he said "Good night Don. Am I right?"

Down in Danville there lived the Armstrong girls, sisters. They were in their seventies when I first met them. It was my privilege and pleasure to bring them on my rator from town some coal or groceries. Always they would ask me in for cake and tea. On Election Day I would call for them to exercise their franchise, a privilege a few yrs are too. One Halloween night a neighbour woman dressed as a hobo rapped at the Armstrong door and on opening stepped inside. In deep gutturel she supposed "he" demanded overnight lodging. The colour flushed to their faces - they were nervous. "We live alone. We never keep man folk over night," they said apologetically yet firmly. Oh but I think I'll be a staying persisted the supposed hobo. "Oh no, no, no, but sure" & the neighbour let it go at that. She had played her role well and had fun.

Chapter 9

Electio G_ _

A few days prior to the municipal election of 1906 I was entrusted with horse and buggy to go to Beeton to get the weekend supply of groceries having tied "Joe" in the Commercial Hotel shed. I was on my way to the bake shop when two of Beeton's leading citizens met on the street in front of the hotel One a little short man with a peg leg, looked up into the face of a tall and statnesque figure There was no solntation they came to the crux of the matter at once. "Who are you for? snapped the little man I m for Geordie! Who are you for?" "I m for Geordie too Come on in and we ll wet it " Geordie my father was running for the Reeveship I felt at least two inches taller to think that two of Beeton s prominent citizens belonging to the same church as his opponent would take such interest in father being elected In these days an 80% poll was common

The Provincial election of 1937 was very keenly contested Mitch Hepburn the Onion King had been Premier and again led the Liberals Earle Rowe who had been federal representative was leading the Tories Their candidate R J Jeffieson was being opposed by Dr Smith of Creemore Interest was at a feverish pitch It was going to be close at No 2 this time Scrutineers and the voluntary drawers-in were early on hand It was even mooted that an outsider with a suitcase was accompanying one stalwart drawing in votes Dire mutterings were heard Scrutineers could generally find some means of communicating information to one another But no not this time. Two old Tories left early to bring in a voter from a remote corner of the sub-division He had been interviewed a day or two before Oh yes he would be all right George could neither read nor write Closeted in the

booth with the D R O and the two scrutineers he was asked for whom do you wish to vote? "Smith or Jamieson? asked the D R O We did not know Exasperated the D R O then asked "for Hepburn or Rowe?" Hepburn meekly replied the voter When later one of the Tories that drew the voter in heard of this his chagrin was great but all he said was By thunder By mid-afternoon excitement ran high A Ukrainian had just come into the booth - a Liberal vote to be sure The opposing scrutineer knowing John very well drew him aside No John did not have naturalization papers and so was not entitled to vote On counting the ballots one with a large 2 in place of an X was disputed and eventually not counted The living room door was open a few inches and a woman s voice thinks he s smart could be heard evidently referring to the objecting scrutineer So the ladies had the same keen interest as had the men folk in political affairs

The federal election of 1940 was held near the middle of March A terrific snow storm preceded it and all but plugged the roads leading to the poll held at the Sutton home third concession The D R O trudged the two miles across the fields and over innumerable drifts and wire fences topped by the barbed variety with ballot box He had left home half an hour early and just reached the poll by opening time

Our neighbour adjoining us hitched his team to the sleigh He would take a load of voters to the booth and go by the town line and the third on at 10 o clock he with his wife and two lads all dressed in warm apparel set out First they would pick up the D.R O s wife and hired man; the long lane deep with snow offered no great difficulty; then for the neighbours across the way Hatter put the horses in the stable the neighbour shouted "The cut is full - all of 12 feet My car is on the town line It's open and as the third I hear So with horses

safely atabled off they staggared across the fields and over drifts at the rail fences and at last made the car It was clear sailing across the two concessions but as they were about to turn up the third two or three pedestrians returning from the booth shouted "You ll never make it Go round by the south town line and take the county road north I think you ll make it but it s quite filling in fast " Now the fun commenced - cars were stalled here and there it was shoval and shove a spurt by the car more shovelling and pushing At last the county road was reached They turned north and got three hundred yards but no more So they must needs traverse to the town line - more pushing - at last they made it "I m hungry" said one "Let s go into Schomberg (close at hand) "I m broke So am I Sure our credit is good" "Let s go" After refreshed and regaled they set out and at last reached the third Would they go home never entered their heads They had come to vote and vote they would' So they struggled and struggled on How glad the D R O was to see them enter the booth at 3 30 After voting and a short respite they departed glad at heart to have registered their vote despite the hazzards of weather They had just left the polling booth when much to their consternation they met six stalwarts of the opposing party all close neighbours. They had walked the two concessions Darn it all was all the good lady who had torn her coat in the shoving said Even at that there was one consoling factor the six had left their lady folk at home Back to the town line they trudged back also to the neighbour s for horses and sleigh

When the ballots were counted and the result telephoned home all was serene they were content A good night s sleep did wonders The ballot box seemed lighter that night as the D R O ploughed through the drifts on his way home but then upon describing a certain spoiled ballot to hear the hired men say "That was my ballot " What remorse It was an election

day long to be remembered I wonder if His Honour the present Lieutenant Governor of Ontario has any inkling of the hardships etcetera of that day by his supporters in No 2 Tecumseh

In the 1951 provincial election a former Tory was this time drawing in votes for the C C F He stopped to give our neighbour a ride to the poll a distance of four miles and she of course supporting our candidate " "Oh no I'll not for the other side " "Well then you'll walk from here on in" Mr A who had offered John the lift stopped in Keston to pick up another supposed supporter In the meantime John had secured another ride On coming out of the booth he again met Mr A how he did chuckle

In those good old days the minutiae of the rules governing the poll were not always adhered to in every detail On one occasion Mr C a real old timer came into the booth and after being given a ballot and directed to a cubicle immediately sprawled his angular frame upon the table in front of the election officials and waiting voters and marked his ballot with a huge X saying at the same time so all could hear him "I'm for Rowe All were so startled there was no objection

This time the polling station was in Fonville Near the booth lived an old resident Both sides were after him to vote so on the afternoon he developed a cold an election cold it was He would go to bed but once he was in bed those persistent Tories were tapping on the outside door so he hops into bed as he was at the time His helpmate who too was anxious that he should vote ushered the two Tories into the bedroom They cajoled with him and got him into good humour and then they pulled the covers off There he was - what spectacle - in red flannels and socks on his feet But he voted! What interest these early citizens had in national and political events and what enthusiasm they revealed

Chapter 10

Marketing

We have told how the early pioneer pounded his wheat [illegible] in the hollow of an oak stump and of how later he took a small grist by pack-horse to the Holland Landing Mill. How welcome was Squire Ramsay's coffee mill. No more arduous trips over the rough corduroy road to Bradford and the Landing. We have observed the building of the first wagon by Henry Clark and the hauling of the first load of wheat to muddy York. That first wagon, that first load of wheat made history. It commenced a pattern or trend - the marketing of homemade early farm products in muddy York (later Toronto).

The early settlers followed a trail that went south and east from Lloydtown. Later Lloydtown was by passed a road having been built through Schomberg. This marketing trail or road meandered through Nobleton, Pine Grove, Woodbridge, Weston and the Junction (West Toronto). Hotel accommodation could be had at Woodbridge, Weston and the Junction in the fifties. Soon other little wayside inns sprang up. Not only were loads of grain, oats and other fodder delivered to the Toronto market but also beef, pork and poultry. Central farmers made a business of buying up and delivering to Toronto the farm produce of their immediate neighbourhood. They were known as hucksters. To Toronto and return was a two or three day trip and by the seventies the road had become a much travelled thoroughfare. The farmers and hucksters staying at the various inns were wont to discuss their merits. The Peacock Inn at the Junction and the Woodbridge Inn were unanimously given the nod of approval. They were good places to stop over at. "Don't stay at the little wayside tavern at the Kleinburg cut-off. They are short of blankets there.

wee otten haerd So e sign Snort Blanket Motel Corner" waa ereeted and told poetarity ot the fact.

Tha Grand Trunk Railway built e line from Hamilton turough Tottenham and Beeton to Allandale in the seventies These two villages then did really thrave Farmers brought in eggs butter and poultry to ths various etoraa aometimes for caah but more oftan for trade Sometimes tne farmers accounts were ru ning ones. Once or twice e year and nearly elwaye just before Christmas thera wea a reckoning up ot accounts Farmers a d merchants alike were content; seldom were there trouble apots. One Beeton merchant did when inaerting a teeter into e tnb of buttar come npon a rock No words were exchanged at the time but later at the time of rackoning the weight of tha rock waa deductad in angar. P flnahed taca waa the only evidence ot chagrin on the good lady a part; She eonti ued to be a regular cnstomer In both villagea grain elevatore and grist mills were built coal ard wood yarde eatebllahed a d now near the elose ot the cantury the local weekly produce market wad eatabliahed Let us now hava a lookaea at the Tottenham market as ot the early 1900e

Preparing for sarket did e tail e lot ot arduous a d fatiguing tasks upon the industriona farm housewife Eggs had to be cleaned graded and sometimes candled a d then packed in cartons or baskets. Butter was otten churnad on the previous day The dasn or barrel cnurn wee in common uae Latar churns of varioua deelgns with gaar and toot pedal were in vogue One neighbo r had a dog churn The English collia seemed to tha k this task to be beneath his dignity and much prefer.ed the bringing np of the cows for eilking After belig chnrned the buttar wee washed and thoroughly mixed with just tha right amount of salt edded and, oh yes a few drops of butter colouring Then It was sade into pound prints Some design, perhaps a thistle shamrock or rosa was imprinted on the pound mould The housewife would

carefully wrap it in thin butter paper that revealed the exact colour the likeness of a dairy cow and the name of the proprietress and of the farm as "Mrs. Dan O'Grady, Rosalawn Farm". Certain ladies took especial pride in having choice fowl dressed and trimmed just so. They would then always obtain the highest prices.

Beetons market was held Tuesday morning Tottenham's on the same afternoon. The same buyers attending both markets made it a real field day. Two especially stand out in my mind's eye. Scanlon was short and stubby. Irish of course, of pinkish complexion. When bidding his eyes sparkled and his hands were sharp and snappy. His wit was of the spiced variety. Teasdale was tall dark lean faced and his bids were measured and slow.

By 1.30 the market was under way. It was, of course, in the good old horse and buggy days. The metal sheds were filled with horses and buggies, some democrats too. Even the church sheds were partly full with a few horses tied in front of certain shops. Inside the market hall all was hustle and commotion just prior to opening. The many farm matrons present had artfully displayed their produce. The early worm, of course, had had the choice of position or stand. But now the buyers were on hand and bidding had commenced.

Scanlon had a good speck for just such butter as Mrs. E from over north made. Teasdale knowing this would chance a raise. But Scanlon must have that butter and would have to pay the unheard of price of 17¢ per lb. But he got back at Teasdale who had ready market for Mrs. P's chickens. Teasdale had to pay 23¢ per lb. Now you see how popular these ladies might be with the average farm matron. But good humour prevailed for the most part and many pleasantries were passed around.

After the cheques were given out the ladies would hasten to their favourite store for the weeks supply of groceries, to the butcher's for a choice steak or roast. Of course the dry goods stores got a large share of the weekly market revenue. A new dress for 6-year old Mary a hair ribbon for little Lucy and for Donald a pair of shoes. Then perchance a call to the druggist for liniment for the injured bobbin or Epsom Salts for the sick cow. The shop keeper would often tuck in a bag of candy. It would not do to lose the patronage of such good customers as the farm ladies of Tecumseh proved to be.

Many a scheme was employed to get the customer upstairs. Here new hats were on display for the ladies and stacks and stacks of mens and boys clothing. One crafty tradesman in a neighbouring village was wont to inveigle some of his customers into buying a new hat for Mi-Lady by first inviting them downstairs for a "wee droppie" and then upstairs where the pretty new milliner had the finest creations on display. Often it worked.

The farmers marketed their grain at the local elevators and took grists to Nolan's mill on Tottenham pond. The great water wheel was used to generate power for the mill as late as the 1930s. On certain days the three elevator men would be at the four corners to compete for choice loads of wheat or of malting barley. They would climb upon the load, sample and test the grain. The load of grain would then be delivered to the highest bidder. The farmers received payment by cheque and then the merchants would have a field day and yes, maybe the hoteliers as well, but generally if they thrived the merchant was shy and vice versa.

So market day in Tottenham was as is market day the world over - well at least next to the Sabbath, the most important day of the week in the life of the community. The ladies thoroughly enjoyed it. They took time off to say "Hi neighbour" and reminisce on some outstanding occurrence of the week. It served as a refresher course.

Chapter 11

Fall Fair

Having told something of the activities of the community I would be remiss indeed if I did not refer to the Beeton Fall Fair held annually and almost invariably at that time during the second week of October It has since developed into quite a large and interesting event with exhibitors from various parts of the province but herein I will attempt to describe the Fair as seen through the eyes of a youth in his early teens and shortly after the turn of the century

It was then mainly a community project Exhibitors and spectators alike were mainly from the Township Each exhibitor was more or less acquainted with the others and it was Hello Tom Dick or Harry as the case might be The late D. J. Jones took a keen interest in the planning of the Fair Grounds and in the laying out of the splendid half-mile race course He too planted the maples that encompass the entire area The Agricultural Hall with its adjoining little stand for spectators was erected Then too there was the judges stand or pagode Also a portion of the grounds was arranged to accommodate the live-stock

At about 11 o'clock I think it was October 3 1906 a neighbour lad and I with but fifty cents each set out on shanks pony over the hills to attend Beeton Fair Yes it had rained as was wont in the forenoon but now the sun broke through the clouds ere we had gone half-way Mr Rose eyed us as we passed his splendid orchard and stuffed our pockets with apples and pears A steady stream of buggies and democrats passed by but nary a lift did we get The village was jam packed we passed two soft drink booths ere we reached the Fair Grounds We were hot and thirsty and so were tempted to regale ourselves with some of the bubbly and frothy refreshment lemon sour or cream soda but with only fifty cents we turned our backs to the booth

and ran Soon we were at the entrance to the Fair Grounds. Here fifteen cents was extracted from each of us but hurrah we were inside

First things first We were in the midway and what a bedlam men with raucous voices were trying to attract the crowd Hit the nigger on the head and win a 10¢ cigar " The wheel of fortune it too was there "Every time the wheel goes round somebody scores to win a half dollar And there was the gypsy tent with a dark haired dark eyed Rebecca who would foretell a successful future for only 25¢ Over there where all the big husky fellows were gathered a well muscled giant would demonstrate his prowess with the sledge hammer by hitting a small metal peg with great gusto; the bell would ring every time. Then many a big fellow would try and fail and he would turn to some ordinary "Joe" "Here, you try it' The bell would ring and many more tickets were sold Side shows? Oh yes "Everybody this way For only 15¢ you can see the wild man from Borneo He eats raw meat and drinks blood " Also 15¢ would enable one to view some scantily clad Phillipine beauties. Medicine men were on hand "The Kik a pak Indian Medicine cures all aches and pains And of course there was the perennial Heff-Ointment salesman With a little charcoal burner he would heat to red hot an iron rod and pull it across his forefinger then applying the ointment he would hold forth his finger "See O burn " then dozens of boxes would sell There was also the merry-go-round which did more perhaps than any other thing to impart the holiday spirit But we must not fritter any more time away on the midway so into the Hall we struggled It was closely packed fruit and vegetables of every variety were on display - there were huge pumpkins squash turnips potatoes of orchard fruit apples pears plums were in plentiful supply Just to look at the display would make one s mouth water Next came the canned fruit pickles butter eggs poultry and then on around the other side was the fancy work section - a breath taking display The prizes had already been awarded - how happy these ladies seemed on viewing the awards Down at the far end of the Hall and away from the door our Church organist

Was dispensing wondrous music playing a Gerrard-Haintzman...

Now out of the mill w[illegible] but none too soon for over there was the "Tug O War" between the Ajaie Irishmen and the Tecumseh Giants and then the bell sounded from the judges stand and a stento ian voice through a megaphone announced First fully acc[illegible] the 2 minute class over this way at once The spectators sprinted to obtain advantageous positions from which to view the race True there was no horse there that could come close to the great "Dan Patch" A local he so captured the first heat but lost out in the next two to a Brampton horse much to the disappointment of the local racing enthusiasts Then we watched the Ivy-Beaton baseball game but all of a sudden we were aware of more excitement over on the track The sprints were on Knox of Orillia Ontario champion was leading the pack coming into the home stretch: Jack Scott of Beeton was holding his own two rods back then Scott was closing the gap and wonder of wonders he passed Knox and won the race by a good two yards

There was that day a very fine display of live-stock Exhibiters were mainly from the vicinity of Beeton but some came from various parts of the Township Competition was keen in all classes and for that early it was an excellent showing and was the promise of even better things to come

On looking about at the Fair a stranger must have been struck by the happiness and contentment that permeated everywhere it was a real harvest home festival Farming is after all a rewarding enterprise a healthful pursuit; life was not all centred in self Everyone seemed to be renewing old friendships and acquaintances The cares and worries of [illegible] to household were forgotten and even politics on all levels was in the discard for the day To be present at the Fair was an exhilarating experience and it was all to the good of the community Children especially had a grand time infants in their mother's arms little tots being led around by Grandma and by the odd Grandpa too bevies of elder boys and girls

munching on pop-corn or candy refreshing themselves at the booths or watching the various sporting events and games

The costumes of the ladies followed no particular pattern; one could wear within certain wide limits anything you wished and get away with it though the wide flowing skirt of innumerable yards and folds was in greatest evidence; numerous petticoats were worn and the broad brimmed hat trimmed with ribbons and bearing many varied floral creations was popular Well dressed ladies in their fifties and sixties were costly dressed with great ostrich plumes on their hats The Glendmen were bonnets with ribbons of silk; the collar and bodice also of silk The dresses of the teenagers were colourful with many flounces and furbelows

The headgear of the eternal sex went all the way from the soft wide brimmed fait and the comfortable peaked cap to the bowler or Christie stiff Then too there was the odd silk hat Hon imposing H Hammell (ex M P P) looked with silk hat and tails and gold headed cane George Robson also in his silk topper Walter Evans and W J Bell ever natty and of smart appearance Very few smoked cigarettes the pipe and the more lucrative cigar were in vogue The women of course just did not smoke But oh yes I forgot invariably a certain lady smoked her corncob pipe She particularly enjoyed the races mingling with the men folk being also good Canadian stock of the epicene variety

But now the summer afternoon is gone and they are taking down the tents and marquees The live stock are being loaded and everyone is in a hurry to get home ere the darkness settles down But our stores of fruit and of peanuts were still barking their wares "Bananas ripe' two for five six for ten and all you want for a quarter Hokey pokey double-pointed California peanuts all the way from Santiago 5¢ the bag "How much money have you left? my companion asked A dime "So have I" he said "let's have a basket or grapes they are 20¢ per basket"

e had to walk home They would none n handy ere we climbed the steep Riddell Hill ould we be sick? Oh well Beeton Fair comes but on v a year we would take the chance We were broke but happy and by the time we reached home e good night e repose was assured

Chapter 12

The Glorious Twelfth

Since the great mejority of the early pioneers of Tecumseh were of Ulster stock e brief sketch of e 12th of July celebration would perhaps not be amiss My earliest recollection of "The Glorious 12th" was of one held in Beeton when I wee 4 years of age The images imprinted in My memory et that time were sharp end vivid True they have been somewhat dulled and blurred by the passing of seventy odd years (surely not that many) The colourful decorations the arches all covered with bunting and flags (Sheigh end Jenk) the many streamers the colourful parade with the King Billys on the white horses the numerous banners end above a l the music of the fife end drums end bag pipes all were indelibly imprinted on Memory s well

To get e more detailed picture let us recall the 12th of 1907 again in Beeton This 12th of July morning broke clear - not e cloud in the sky e must needs get up early as both father and brother were members of Mt Ararat 104 and6 they convene ed at o nlock and many chores had to be done The first thing of importance in usherring in the day in proper style was the firing of the old Lee Enfield Of nourse our nearest neighbour (1/4 mile distant) heard the report and answered with a tremendous durra) that carried almost as far When we got to the Lodge the Union Jack was already atop the flag-staff The shed was filled with horses and buggies Orangemen were in their shirt sleeves white waist coat orange sash and blue

ribbon down side of trousers. Wide brimmed straw hats muslin covered and festooned with orange, blue, purple and scarlet ribbons. They were whooping it up on fife and drums. The Boyne Water, Protestant Boys and Cock of the North were but some of the tunes played. But now the windows and shutters on the yard side were closed. Lodge was called and we must hush! hush. The Billy Goat must not be encouraged by irrelevant sounds and noises. The secrets of the Lodge must not be divulged to those outside.

At last the Lodge meeting was over, and we were on our way. At the eighth concession we were joined by two more Lodges. All the way into the village our musical quartet played stirring and inspiring music. Beeton seemed to be packed but it was nothing compared to the throngs at parade time (1 o'clock). The banners, flags, drums and other regalia were placed inside the Agricultural Hall. The Beaton Lodge headed by the town brass band marched one mile to the G.T.R. Station and met all incoming trains including two specials. All forenoon more and more Lodges kept coming in from the country. The town was all decorated, three huge arches of cedar all garlanded with ribbands and flags had been erected. Imprinted on huge streamers in front of the arches and over head were many Orange slogans. To the glorious and immortal memory of William of Orange"; "One school, one flag, one throne. Equal rights to all, special privileges to none. All shops were bedecked with flags and bunting. The numerous booths both downtown and on the Fair Grounds did a rip roaring business. All three churches and the ladies Orange served dinner from 11 o'clock. The meals for only 30¢ were really something out of this world. All you could eat and more of the very best.

Fall in was sounded at 1 p.m. sharp. Lodges were to assemble on the Fair Grounds and from there the parade would start. The various marshals (county and district) were mounted on white horses. They were the King Billys and they were cocked hats, broad brimmed, adorned with white and scarlet plumes, scarlet coats, riding boots and spurs, swords held upright. They dashed here and there barking

their commends proper seniority must be maintained visiting Lodges were to lead off Tecumseh District would bring up the rear Now they [illegible] ady and the parade wee off

The County Master and Marshei (the chief King Billy) headed the parede along with visiting dignitaries They were all mounted on pienaio horses and in their brilllent regalie looked amp sing A band headed each District many individuei Lodges hired bands as well Every Lodge had at least two drums and fife in front of each District there generally was a huge Yellow bearing high a great Union Jack A the front of each Lodge the banner would be borne by four etalwert members equipped with holders for the banner poles to rest in Holding the banner strings or cords would be four little boys resplendent in similar regalie to that worn by Lodge members Up front would be the Master with Gevel then the Marshei with sword upright They were followed by the Deputy Master and Chapiain with open bible Then came the rank and file with the committee men with ribboned poles bringing up the rear [illegible] hat a colourful parede it wee that day Seventy-nineLodges in all and twenty-one bands Each Lodge had its own distinctive dress and nearly all were colourful There were that day seven Ladies' Lodges five L O B As and two True Blues" To look down Center Street was an impoeing spectacle the colourful uniforms the impoeing banners the gleaming band instruments enhenced by the various King Billys resplendent in all their fine regalia

They marched down Centre to almost the ninth Concession line a good mile then Counts marched back up Center to Main there cross (ousing now west on Main 'til the G T Railway again countering east on Main and on past the new county home once more countering to Center and hence to the Fair Grounds Even along the route friends and acquaintances would greet the marchers it would be "Hi there Bob Billy or Jack Little boys and girls would tag along beside daddy or big brother

Once back on the grounds they soon dispersed Now tired and thirsty they must be The booths did a rush business there being a continuous line-up But now the "Speaking" had commenced over at the grandstand Controller H C Hocken Editor Orenga Sentinel and Billy Fitzgerald Gr Sec and "Daddy" to the kiddies at the Orenga Orphanage disconsed on the Historic Significance of the Orange Order and the Seperate School Question" than a live provincial political issue

Over there at some distance sports were on: foot races for County and District Masters for their Wives Past Masters and Masters 100 yards free for all and then various races for children and still over there in another direction there was a Beaton Tottenham (old rivals) field lacrosse game This ended in a close win for Tottenham 13 - 11 much to the chagrin of the many Beaton fans

Now the speaking was over and prizes were being awarded Rich Hill all resplendant in their orange shirts broad brimmed muslin covered straw hats embellished with orange purple blue and scarlet ribbons received 1st prize for dress Mt Forest for best marching Ennishillen for best banner Grand Valley for great distance and a Mr Black from Pilkaton greatest number of years a member (92 years of age 74 a member).

Eats and refreshments were again served in the evening Imagine cole haw and salads and all the pie one could eat for 25¢

But now it was packing up time The sun was almost down All were tired yet happy It had been a grand day and Orange traditions and ideals had been well maintained that now distant and far off 12th of July in Beaton

Chapter 13

Boiling Down

Of all the tasks and chores by the early settlers none yielded more enjoyment [illegible] than did "Boiling Down". At the turn of the century most farms in our neighbourhood contained ten acres or so of woodland and nearly always there would be a goodly number of maples. The average farmer would tap fifty trees and up. It was a family project, the maple syrup and sugar being for family use and not for commercial purposes, but almost always a little could be spared for a neighbour who was ill or in dire need.

In earlier times "Boiling Down" did entail much preparation. Wooden troughs (to hold the sap) had to be gouged out by use of adze and chisel; wooden spoils had to be bored and shaped. But now the metal spoil had replaced the wooden; the tin and then the galvanized bucket came into vogue. The sugar kettle was still in use; the modern evaporator was as yet unheard of.

The sugar camp was generally situated on a level yet sheltered glade as near to the center of the sap trees as possible. There was a shed that served to store the wood for "Boiling Down" and also for shelter from storm. This particular year Junior (myself), who was home for Easter holidays (late in March) came running boisterously into the house announcing "Sap's a runnin'". It was a bright sunny morning [illegible] frost. Yes, sap would be a runnin'.

The buckets were gotten down, scalded and scoured; likewise the spoils. The buckets and spoils, brace and bit, and hammer all were loaded in the cutter. We (my brother and I) hitched Joe, the four year old gelding, and away to the camp we went, the black and white collie running alongside. And now for the tapping –

my brother bored the holes and drove the spouts carefully into place. I carried the buckets and held the spouts. Ere the bit was in the proper distance the sap was oozing through. There the spout was in place and the bucket hung; the sap was really running. drip-drip-drip-drip-drip. The next day at noon all 65 trees were tapped. Three large barrels, two large sugar kettles and one smaller one were loaded on the sleigh behind Dan and Lucy and taken to the camp site. A huge back log was rolled into place. Two saplings were cut down and sawed off just above a crotch. These were firmly embowled into the earth. the crotches hung about 4-1/2 feet above ground. A suitable pole was cut and placed across the uprights in the crotches and all was in readiness for "Boiling Down."

Two days later the barrels were filled with sap and it was yet running. Mother and I with Collie would "Boil Down;" pee wees, those early harbingers of spring, were piping merrily. crows were caw-hawing. winter green all red with berries was showing up on little mounds already bare of snow - Spring was really in the air. But we must "Boil Down."

We carried sap from nearby trees filling all three kettles. We smeared some fat pork around the inside rim of the kettles and also suspended a portion over each (this to prevent the sap from boiling over). A skimmer to take off pockets of scum and bits of charcoal that may have popped in. A quart ladle. a long stick for poker. a shovel and axe made up our equipment.

But now the steam was rising. sparks were snapping and ascending; a nice warmth from the fire had dispelled the early morning chill. Mother was comfortable sitting on a log covered over by a robe. a sapling served as back rest reading Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Collie was having a grand time rolling over and over upon a snowy patch or chasing and barking at squirrels up a tree. It was indeed a glorious morning, air brisk and clear, the sun shone warm in an almost cloudless sky. Yes one could say with Browning

God is in his Heaven
All s well with the world

Already the sap was lowering in the kettles so more was emptied from barrels to kettles by use of a pail The sap was ladled from kettle to kettle and from left to right The contents of the small kettle on the right was becoming sweeter and sweeter Fresh or green sap was always put in the large kettle on the left

Noon was around in what seemed no time at all Two huge potatoes had been covered with ashes and surrounded by live coals and now they re ready Three minutes boiled the eggs (in the sap) to a turn with salt and pepper and lots of butter added we had quite a feast Our keen appetites did add further relish Green sap would taste delicious but the resultant cramps were to be avoided "Let's taste the contents of the small kettle How good it was' By 3 o'clock there was just one half barrel of sap left I must carry from the farthest trees mother would tend to the fire By 5o clock all available sap was used up all was now in the small kettle. The fire had been removed from the othe two and we could now relax somewhat with but the one to tend but not for long The fire must neeed be carefully watched and be gradually lessened scorching must be avoided From time to time we tasted the syrup for it was just that now Another twenty minutes it was off

There was all of a good five gallons It would be simmered and clarified with white of egg) upon the kitchen range on the morrow The first run of sap always makes the best syrup and that proved delicious

We were tired but it had been a grand day At the wind up of that season school children came for a Toffee-pull the left over sap was used What fun they had that April night around the open camp fire In later years when cares and worries of the work-a-day world weigh heavy the burden is somewhat lessened by memories of Boiling Down" *

During the '70s and '80s maple sugar as well as syrup was made in large quantities. Cane sugar was a scarce commodity. Maple sugar was the all purpose sweetener in Tecumseh. I recall my father telling of how in the original log home on the old homestead there was a stack of circular slabs of maple sugar 20" in diameter, extending from floor to ceiling.

Chapter 14

A Heritage

We have seen how very loyal to the Crown were the early settlers of this our Township of Tecumseh, of how they rallied to stamp out the rebellion of '36/'37 and later the Fenian raids in the '60s, and most of us can recall the magnificent effort of our citizens during the 1st and 2nd World Wars. So too at the turn of the century during the Boer War, enthusiasm reached a fevered pitch. As a child of eight or nine I delighted to play soldiering and along with neighbouring children endeavoured to emulate Buller, Roberts, Kitchener, Baden Powell and our own Colonel Otter. Modder River, Ladysmith, Kimberley, Mafeking we all enthused over. The Red Ensign and Union Jack seemed everywhere. Beeton sent 1?t Weerns, Tottenham Bill Temple. Well do I recall Temp's return on Lion' being shouldered by the cheering crowd and carried through the village while the band played "Rule Britannia" and "Soldiers of the Queen" and of his presentation of a gold watch and chain.

Until somewhat after the turn of the century very little had been done to honour or perpetuate in memory the heroic feats and deeds of the early pioneers. Some of the early cemeteries were in a state of neglect. Many tombstones and memorial slabs were flat down or leaning at a perilous angle. In some the grass and weeds were rampant, a sense of

shame was felt by the average citizen. Something had to be done not only to improve the cemeteries but to commemorate the noble example and precepts of the early pioneers by the creation of Memorial parks and the erection of cairns and plaques.

Two cemetery boards were organized and cemeteries were placed under perpetual care. For one who had been absent for long years to go back and view those same cemeteries in the '50s it was indeed with a great sense of pride and satisfaction for the magnificent work done by the present generation. Memorial parks were laid out cairns and plaques erected to honour both the early pioneers and the soldiers who so nobly sacrificed their lives in the two world wars that posterity might the safer and richer be.

In Tottenham a splendid Memorial Park was created and a cenotaph erected in memory of the lads of the 157th battalion who made the supreme sacrifice (1914-1918). The Tottenham Legion, still going strong has been active ever since. So also has the Beeton Legion. Beeton has now a beautiful Memorial Park and Fair Grounds with a plaque to honour its revered pioneer D.A. Jones. Also at Bond Head a lovely park was created and a hall erected. Plaques honouring Dr. Osler and the Honourable William Mulock were also erected. The Doris Rowe Memorial Park to the west and north of Alliston taking in many many acres with a large man-made lake will serve future generations with every recreational facility. Then too the Pioneer Museum in Alliston has been completed.

What a great heritage, what a noble example these early pioneers have bequeathed future generations. May we never forget their great sacrifices and achievements the clearing of the land, the building of homes and above all, the high standard of ideals and of morals they set us also their great sense of loyalty - truly a noble heritage

and one that must be appreciated safeguarded and maintained by their descendants through the decades and yes the centuries to come

> For from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
> Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
> Along the cool sequestered vale of life
> They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
>
> (Gray)

Cecil Talbage Hayes

son of

George Hayes

and

Jane Eliza Tegart

Born in Tecumseh Township January 6 1891

Served overseas four years in World War I with C F A and C F A

Farmed in Tecumseh near Bond Head from 1919 - 1946 retiring to Victoria, B C.

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Victoria, B C.

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MEMOIRS OF TECUMSEH TOWNSHIP

by

Cecil Talmage Noyes

Chapter 1

Grass Roots

The Industrial Revolution in Great Britain, the meagre living obtained by the dour Highlanders upon the bleak fells of Northern Scotland, the poor potato crops of Ireland have all contributed to the great influx of settlers into our Township of Tecumseh in the early part of the nineteenth century. In fact, what is now the County of Simcoe was entirely wilderness, although more than a century had elapsed since the founding of missions and early trading posts in the northern portion. It was in 1819 that approximately one-third of the Selkirk Settlement in Manitoba, driven out by the stern winters and the desultory strife between the North-West and Hudson Bay Trading Companies, trekked eastward and took up land on the third, fourth and fifth concessions of West Gwillimbury Township, County of Simcoe, approximately thirty-five miles north of Muddy York. It is our now enterprising and prosperous "Scotch Settlement." Just to the west of this settlement, and in the same year, James Manning and John Cerswell took up land - Lot 24 on either side of the fifth concession line, Manning on the north side, Cerswell on the south. Cerswell also obtained grant of Lot 23 next to Manning's holding. In fact, this Lot 23 right through from the fifth to the tenth concession line was at one time held by some member of the Cerswell clan. It is then with this early pioneer settlement in the southern portion of Tecumseh Township that we are, herewith, concerned and, in the main, their lives, the events and some amusing incidents that occurred.

Imagine then the entire area as one of primeval forest; in fact a dense wilderness. We do know that the Red-man had roamed and had sojourned in the area. Various stone tools, pipes and arrow-heads attest to this fact. Indian graves and

burial grounds have been discovered but no white man had ever dwelt therein. Huge oak trees luxuriated on the heavy clay land east of Penville. Large pines, five feet in diameter, grew on the lighter soil to the east, whilst on the creek or bottom land tall and stately elms predominated. Maples were everywhere; ash, birch, basswood and ironwood were interspersed. In fact about thirty different varieties were to be found. Bear, lynx, fox and other species of wild animals inhabited the forest.

It was there to this forest wilderness that Manning, Cerswell and the succeeding pioneers had come to carve out homes for their wives and families. For this then, they had given up their twenty or thirty-acre holdings in Northern Ireland, their crofts and shielings in Northern Scotland. They left behind their own kith and kin. With what nostalgia did they leave behind their vision of the heather and gorse covered moorlands, but they took fond memories with them. It was indeed a great adventure.

In 1820 John Coffey settled upon Lot 22 adjoining Cerswell's Lot 23 and here, in the same year and in the original log home, Tecumseh's first white child, Richard, was born. Now we have had five generations of Coffeys where the eldest male child has always borne the name Richard. Mr. John Coffey was of Cornish ancestry and was a Peninsular War veteran. He pounded his wheat into meal in a hollowed oak stump near the Cerswell line fence. The stump remained as a testimonial to the early pioneers until well after the turn of the century.

Farther south on the third concession line Robert Clark settled and his name goes down in history as being the builder and the possessor of the first farm wagon in Tecumseh. It is related how he took the first load of wheat to Muddy York (now Toronto). He had hoped to bring home some tea as a surprise for his wife and family. Flour, salt and some calico he did bring back but there was no tea! How disappointed he was!

Near by the little settlement of Dunkerron sprang up. They were mostly of North of Ireland stock but several of the Quaker Faith had come over from the States. A little

Meeting House was erected in the late '30's. The epitaphs upon the tombstones in the adjoining cemetery pay tribute to the memory of these early pioneers. Several other communities were in existence by 1 5. Penville on the fifth concession grew and was at one time the most enterprising community within the Township. Before the Hamilton orth estern Railway went through from Hamilton to Milan ale via Tottenham and Beeton Penville boasted having five stores three taverns and the only Township all. In the evenings many an argument would be engaged in around the huge box stoves in the various stores. Horse yarns were often spun but ere long politics would take over and often what commenced as a peaceful argument in the store would end up in a tavern in near fisticuffs. Upon one occasion - hitting the counter with great gusto a certain pioneer revealed his unblemished knuckles to his adversary and said, "Brownlee and if you don't think they are as hard as nails just come on outside" and outside they went.

Just to the north of the village and on the old Ausman farm the itinerant Methodist preacher, Black had a meeting house built in the early thirties - and shortly after, farther south, the Presbyterians established Donkmans with its adjoining cemetery. Early settlers in the Penville area included familiar names such as Ellison, Kitely, Ausman, Pennfield, Milligan, McCuroy and Williams. So important a center had it become a given road was put through both north and south connecting with the Lloydtown-Toronto road.

Even before the Penville community was established two sturdy North of Ireland pioneers had taken up land in the vicinity of what is now the village of Tottenham. In 1823, John Totten possessed the crown deed of the north half of Lot 6, concession 3. This later became known as the Lyons Farm'. A little later one of the Tottens erected a store on the property and at the crossroads. The ens and village was, of course, named Tottenna after its first pioneer. Also in 1 23 James A. Tegart a native of Armagh County, Ireland built himself a log home on Lot concession 4 one mile east of Totten's. He at first had but one o so, his money depleted, he trekked south and worked out for three months in the Toronto Gore area. With his earnings he purchased another ox

a spinning wheel and some flax for his wife.

In the early '30s, the body of a man was found on Tegart's property. He had been returning to his home near the Ballymote town line after having once left it to work for the splitting of barrel staves, and had become lost in the woods. He was buried where now is situated St. Tegart Cemetery. This was the first white death and burial in Tecumseh. Nearby a Methodist meeting house was erected. My mother remembered the building and recalled how the men folk sat on the right hand side and the women on the left, the male thus maintaining what he believed to be his rightful superiority.

Other settlers came in the early thirties to this area. The Temples and Williams to the west, Piersons, Martins, Dillanee, Austins and Hayes to the north and east. On Martins, lot 9 concession 3, the first school house in the Township was built of logs, though the three Rs had been taught here this by Squire Ramsay in his home just south of Wilcox's mill on the eighth concession.

By this time quite a little community had been established at Bond Head (so named after Sir Francis, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada) part in Tecumseh part in West Gwillimbury and on the seventh concession line. Almost one mile west the Rev. Osler Anglican had erected a church and rectory. Osler was a man of great energy, an intellectual giant as well. He travelled over many miles on horseback ministering to the spiritual needs and welfare of the early pioneers. He raised a large family, all became famous in the Dominion and Dr. William and his Practice of Medicine achieved world wide fame. Several stores, hotels, flour and feed mills and blacksmith shops were established and for a short time, a carriage and even a cabinet school of medical doctor was in residence from year to year. A Mulock practised here. His son, Sir William, became Postmaster General in the Laurier Cabinet.

Patrick Hughes and Robert Keenan settled in the early thirties on the Ballymote town line. Here the hamlet of Keenansville had its origin. Browns from Lloydtown erected a

woolen mill and for a time did a thriving business. Hughes later moved to Tottenham and established a private bank. His son, L.C. Hughes, published the 'Sentinal'. Henry Nolan dammed the creek that meandered north on the western fringe of the village. On the resultant pond he established a thriving milling and chopping business. The great mill wheel was still in use in the early nineteen thirties. Brown, Wilson, Walker, Greenaway and McDermott were but a few of the names of the early settlers. Geo. Nolan was Tottenham's first Reeve.

Over north on the eighth concession line and on the western fringe of the great swamp, farms were established by Brownley, Cook, Hammell, Hill, Kearns, McCarthy and Wright. Farther east Cross, Dunham, Robinson, Smith and McDermott settled and so in between these two settlements, and extending north to the ninth concession line, there grew up the village of Clarksville named after Robert Clark, the first blacksmith. Later the name was changed to Beeton to do honour to the great D.A. Jones who introduced the Bee Industry in the Dominion, procuring his first colony of Bees in Italy. Jones' bees became famous, the honey was of first quality.

Great rivalry existed between the villages of Beaton and Tottenham right down to the close of the century. On either side of the G.T.R. tracks and just north of the Corporation of Tottenham there grew the most luxuriant sweet clover. While attending school at Tottenham in the early 1900s, and rounding the race course endeavouring to emulate the great Tom Longboat I enquired, How come so much sweet clover? Oh that' D.A. Jones of Beeton planted it. In going to and from Toronto he carried the seed in his greatcoat pockets and broadcasted it from the train windows, for the benefit of Beeton and the Jones' bees and to the detriment of Tottenham's, for in those days sweet clover was considered to be a horrible weed and an eye-sore. Perhaps then too the fine quality of the Jones' honey was in no small measure due to the clover nourished on Tottenham's high and well-drained soil. However that may be - D.A. really did have the welfare of Beeton at heart. He planned the streets and the fair grounds, he too planted the maples that make it so beautiful. He also helped to establish the fine water system which was

further developed and preserved by T A Chapman

It has now been established that in this the southern portion of the Township Cerswell and Manning were the first settlers; that Richard Coffey was the first white child born therein the first burial was in Mt. Tegart Cemetery the first school was Martins the first church Bond Head Anglican; also that the three Rs were first taught by Squire Ramsay. He, too performed the first marriage ceremony, uniting Margaret Kidd and Henry Morris both of Essa Township The various communities had now passed the formative stage

Prior to the building of the railways Penville and Bond Head were the all important centers. In the Township Hall at Penville many important public meetings were held and many a heated discussion took place. Perhaps no meeting was more momentous than that addressed by William Lyon McKenzie just prior to the rebellion of '36 and '37. Lloydtown had been a rallying point for his supporters. They drilled there using it is said, loaves of bread for target practice, but at Penville the meeting was early broken up the loyalists were in the great majority.

Chapter 2

Incidentally

With the building of the railway Beeton and Tottenham thrived and Penville and Bond Head declined Penville perhaps the more quickly In regard to Penville's decline in 1920, while passing through the hamlet with a load of sheaf oats, we (my father and I) were hailed by an elderly resident who, with his son James was tearing down one of Penville's three old taverns Looking back with regret upon the decline of his beloved Penville, John said, 'Do you knows Geordie'(my father) "soon there'll be noones left heres in Penville but I's and Jimmies ' But I am glad to say some forty years later that Penville is still on the map.

Politics were taken very seriously by the early pioneers. The North of Ireland settlers and the U.E. Is. were particularly loyal and eager to uphold the Crown and the British connection at all times. We have mentioned the enthusiasm revealed at the Fenville hall when the rebellion came to a head. A volunteer force was raised in this the southern portion of the Township. One company marched down the eighth concession line from Beeton and another down the fifth. They were to meet in Bond Head and continue east over the corduroy road to Bradford and Holland Landing. As the company proceeded down the fifth, a certain private 'R' espying a McKenzie supporter shingling on top of the McCurdy house said, By cads! There's one of the scoundrels! Apparently taking aim at 'R' - perhaps it was high and for fun - who knows? He pulled the trigger as private 'R' put the muzzle upwards and high overhead through a bevy of blackbirds whizzed the bullet. By the time they reached Yonge Street near New Market word of the rout of McKenzie at Montgomery Tavern reached them and so they returned to their homes knowing that the country was safe again.

Later, at the time of the Fenian uprising in '66, a public meeting was held in the first log school at Martins. Feeling waxed strong. An ardent Tory saying to 'A' rebel sympathizer, Gae hame. Gae hame' ye auld rebelly A to your auld rotten bedsteads. ('A' made furniture and small implements) 'A' did go home and hastily.

This enthusiasm carried down through the seventies and eighties and even to the century mark. In 1836 and just prior to the provincial election the Tories nominated Haughton Lennox, an up and coming young barrister, who every morning drove a spanking team of bays seven miles to his Barrie office. W.H. Lamell of Beeton who had lost out at the convention to Lennox, decided to run as an Independent. Yes the Grits would support him as would a goodly number of church and Tory friends. Election day was at hand. Six or seven Tories standing outside the Ellis Hotel (Liberal) (far better to patronize a Liberal than a turncoat Tory) suddenly saw a runaway horse and buggy come pell-mell down Main Street from the west. It was an old rattly buggy with tires loose

one line over the dash, the other a way out to the right 'I can stop it' I can stop it' a strapping Tory stalwart said putting one foot over the railing and he proceeded to do so when another six footer grasped his shoulder saying, Stop, stop, it's a Hammell, it's a Hammell, let it go to ----!' and I suppose it did. The horse belonged to the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel who, though a Tory, was supporting Hammell. In this case the horse proved to be a better Tory than his master. I won the election by a narrow margin. Lennox was elected shortly after to the Dominion House. In later years he served as Justice of the Supreme Court.

Upon another occasion an elector trudged over a hundred miles from beyond Owen Sound to tender his vote. "We'll win! We'll win!" he exulted. "When the faraway branches come in you're bound to win!"

What a sturdy stock they were these early pioneers of Tecumseh! And how well did the second and third generations emulate their forbears. The early settlers felled the trees, built log homes, cleared the land, grew and garnered bounteous crops on the sparse clearings; their wives reared the young (families of eight to ten were common) brought water from the nearest spring, spun the cloth and yes, even sometimes they helped with the crops. They also inspired their families' high ideals by example and precept. The second and third generations carried on; they enlarged the clearings, took out stumps, made lime in kilns and from the surplus wood charcoal. In early spring they tapped the maples and made syrup and sugar from the sap and feasted on those goodies for the next twelve months' food far fitter for the Gods on Mount Olympus than their nectar and honey! The log houses were superseded by eight and ten-roomed solid brick dwellings and huge bank barns replaced the earlier log structures. Neighbors helped one another and a wonderful social life was maintained within the community.

The population peak was reached during the sixties and seventies and prior to the building of the first railway small holdings were occupied by wagon-makers, mill-rights,

carpenters blacksmiths and other craftsmen Teenagers stayed at home - no huge factories or department stores, no theatres, in fact no city lights to lure them away from the farm A strenuous, yet satisfying, life it was Looking back from the 1960s it seems almost the ideal community life - the country dance the church social the quilting bee, the spelling match and debate held in the local school house all played their part in keeping the community life wholesome. Numerous orange lodges sprang up in this community of patriotic citizens many being of Ulster stock. Meetings were held at Mt. Prarat in 1845 and soon lodges were organized at Penville Beeton Tottenham, Bond Head and Rich Hill Also there was Fayes' Lodge held at Lot 5, concession seven.

Chapter 3

And the Fairies Came

Children all down the decades delight to listen to stories, both those founded on fact and those entirely fictitious. The art of story-telling is fast dying out. Television and radio reign supreme In the '60s and '70s each community had its chief storyteller At this period many children from neighbouring homes delighted to hear Dan McCurdy (Lot 13 concession 5) spin his yarns. This sturdy pioneer whose great exuberance and zest for life was bubbling over found an outlet in story-telling so on weekends many boys and, yes, sometimes girls, would gather 'round the huge stone fireplace and would listen wide eyed and with mouths agape to their idol, old Dan Some of his yarns concerned his wonderful black and white cattle dog 'Bandy The band was white - white on black Two of them went something like this -

'Bandy was by all odds the best cattle dog in the entire neighbourhood he would drive the cows ever so carefully, yet when they started off in the wrong direction he

Chapter 4

Pioneering

The early settlers possessed indeed the most primitive of implements. The reaping hook was superseded by the scythe and then the cradle. The wooden mouldboard plow gave way to steel. What great news it was that Squire Ramsay had a coffee mill that would grind wheat into flour. There would be no more arduous trips with small grists on horseback over the rough corduroy road to the Holland Landing mill. In the '60s. and 70s water power was used. The reaper and then the mower was introduced. The flail used in earlier times for threshing the grain was laid aside and only used in cold frosty weather for the threshing of peas. What a picturesque scene was the cutting of feed and threshing by horsepower. Horses secured to the arms of the horsepower going around in a circle, the spindles revolving, the jacks creaking and making a deafening noise. Then came the horse engine and by the close of the century the traction engine.

As community life expanded neighbours helped one another at logging bees, barn raisings, harvest time and at threshings. Before the date of the accustomed bee a supply of grog was usually obtained and so 'John Barley-Corn' played its part in keeping life from getting too monotonous.

Josh and Betty, who lived in a little log house on Lot 10 just south of the sixth concession line, were going to have a small bee so they must needs get in a supply of cheer. Down to Penville they trudged this certain afternoon, returning just after dark. They took turns in shouldering the small keg - oh but it was a dark night! But they were nearly home now for there was the tall Lombardy poplar on the left - just another quarter mile. But there what was that? Something white darted from behind the tree - an apparition perhaps? Josh bore the keg just

then. It was, it was hastening towards him. 'A ghost Betty' he shouted. 'A ghost' and he dropped the keg and ran. Men do their part and toil and moil to supply the wherewithal for family and for home but often it is the gentler sex that come to the fore in time of dire extremity so here Betty was the valiant one. 'Stop Josh' stop Josh' It's no ghost, it's no ghost' It is only Geordie Hayes'. Father was wrapped in a sheet but Betty's fortitude prevailed and so saved the day, or rather the night, for Josh and the keg for the bee on the morrow.

A certain old timer finding himself in Bradford stony-broke used as a foil the habit of the settlers of getting in a supply of grog ere a bee was held. He made the rounds of the five taverns. To each proprietor in turn he said: 'We're going to be havin' quite a large bee on the morrow and will be the needin' of several kegs. We would like the very best' Had I but a taste I would know if it would suit.' 'Here have a taste' and each proprietor placed before Jack a glassful and so he became 'full the noo and unco' happy too. This same man was a particularly good ploughman, being especially careful when ploughing around pine stumps. He got the name for breaking fewer plough shares than any man in all the neighbourhood, his horses being trained to obey every cautionary 'Whoa'. The trouble with Jack was that at certain times he got very thirsty and when the thirst came on he would unhitch the team, sometimes leaving them at the stable door, and away he would hasten to the nearest tavern. On this occasion he returned near midnight of the second day. Instead of going directly to his own room he went into that of his employer. Down on his knees he sank and prayed, 'God bless father, God bless mother, God bless Albert (a brother), God bless our Katie (his favourite sister), God bless Geordie Hayes' (his employer). Then 'God bless brother Tom'. Here he stopped short - a long pause and then in a loud voice: 'Oh to h--- with him'. Something had come between Tom and himself.

One more - a circus had come to Bradford, indeed a very good circus for those early times. The proprietor

of the inn where the circus personnel stayed noticed there was no camel in the show. It was a rainy day and many customers were in. I see you have no camel - maybe I could help' said the proprietor to the circus manager. 'You mean to say you could get me a camel?' 'Well we'll see' said the hotel man. 'Come with me', and all hands eagerly followed to the stable. Entering a box-stall and brushing some straw carefully away he revealed a hump. 'Only a dromedary' (a one hump camel). Some more brushing revealed a humpback patron who was quietly sleeping it off. Of course the circus manager was taken in. 'All right boys the drinks are on me', and he treated all hands.

Actually a Mr. J D Walker, sometime merchant of Tottenham, crated a man in a merchandise box and had him shipped to a friend in Bradford via Allandale. Enough for John Barley-Corn.

Tests of endurance and skill were common. A cradler and binder would commence at a corner of a field so far behind another pair and so on, each pair taking a swath of a certain width. Often as they worked they would sing snatches of a song or would recite some favourite verse - 'The boy stood on the burning deck' and 'Bingen on the Rhine' were the favourites of one champion team. Eats and drink would be brought out to the field. Often they would work on 'till black dark.

At barn raisings too there was always great excitement - sides would be chosen by the two captains. These all would cooperate until the bents were up with the command 'Heave' the men would lift on the timbers in unison and when they were up a few feet the pikes would be sunk into the timbers, several men to each pole. The captains would shout 'Heave, Heave, Steady lads. All together now', and soon no. 1 bent would be up. This was repeated until all were up then the race was really on, with amazing speed the purlin plates and other timbers were put in place and then came the rafters. First one side would have the advantage, then the other. Sometimes an accident would occur, a pike or brace might fall or a man running the

timbers high up might overbalance and fall. A doctor was generally in attendance and first aid administered to any injured. As soon as one side had completed their task they would give three rousing cheers scramble down and make for the tables (spread outside on the lawn) loaded with good things. After a hearty repast dancing and other merriment was engaged in until the wee small hours.

Individual feats of skill and exploits were common. John Dillane walked to Lloydtown purchased a auger kettle and trudged home a good nine miles to lot 10 Concession 3 carrying it over his head. Also Andy Farrell, quite a little man, carried a wooden mouldboard plow over his shoulders from Lloydtown to his holding near the Ajala townline, south west of Tottenham. One of the Martin clan known familiarly as "Good-Goo-Gaw" (from an expression he used that was a hand-me-down from his forbears in the old country) was known far and wide as the champion cordwood cutter. Then too, there was a man small of stature, never weighing more than 133 lbs., who could shoulder with one hand a bag of peas (2-1/2 bushels) and that while standing in a bushel measure so he could not bend his knees. Also there was the good woman who uneasy at the long delayed return of her husband had taken a load of dressed pork to Toronto. She set out at daybreak reached the Peacock Run (West Toronto) by sundown, a good 40 miles, and had him whom she had taken for "better or for worse" safely at home on the morrow.

Chapter 5

Progress

We have seen the great interest taken in politics on the Dominion and Provincial levels. Now just a few words concerning Municipal affairs. Each township had its own governing body - a reeve, deputy and three councillors. Road work in the early '90s was done under the Pathmaster

system. It was now claimed by many that this system was outmoded, some had to do too much road work others not enough. Favouritism was claimed to be rampant so the council passed a motion to appoint a commissioner over each of the six sub-divisions to superintend the road work. Modern graders replaced the old horse-drawn scraper. Taxes went up and rumblings of discontent were heard from some of the electorate but in the long run it worked. The same system prevails to this day.

Other important issues aroused and divided the electorate there was the high school question. It was thought that there would only be one high school in the township and Tottenham claimed it was entitled to it, Beeton likewise. The council was divided on the issue so at the ensuing annual election there was a clear division of public opinion on the matter. Those living north of the sixth concession line (for the most part) favoured Beeton those to the south Tottenham. Two complete slates of candidates were nominated. The north slate being James Banting, Reeve, Robert Banting, deputy, and three councillors. The south slate was reeve John Semple, deputy Geo Hayes, and three councillors. The north comprising by far the greater area did of course carry the election. The entire slate save R. Banting was elected. The next morning Robert had occasion to go to Tottenham. James Scanlon, tavern keeper one concession north of the village espying Robert came out to console with him. 'I'm sorry Robert, I'm sorry! But there's one thing you sure got my vote.' James had not heard the result of No. 1 poll else he would not have pulled that boner. Robert laughed his hearty laugh, 'I didn't James. I didn't for in No. 1 poll I got nary a vote.' Then giving his nag a slap with the loose ends of the reins and with a long 'Get a lang there!' he was off leaving Scanlon to think that one over.

We have traced the early beginnings of the religious life of the community and the building of the first meeting houses and churches of the three protestant denominations, anglican methodist and presbyterian. The anglicans later built churches in Tottenham and Beeton.

also St. John's on the sixth concession line. The Presbyterians also established congregations and built churches in both villages. Likewise the Methodists who in addition had churches at Rich Hill Tecumseh on the west town line and at Thompsonville. Also about the mid-century mark pioneers of the Roman Catholic faith built a chapel on lot 15 on the second concession line and at about the same time a parish and church (St. Francis) was established in Tottenham, then later a splendid brick chapel (St. James) was built at Colgan on the Adjala side of the town line. The religious and moral life of the community has indeed been well looked after. Too high a tribute cannot be paid to Rev. Osler, to preacher Black and to Rev. Wm. Fraser, as well as to the clergy of later years who followed in their footsteps. In early pioneer times they were tireless in their efforts and how welcome were their visitations.

By the early '70s substantial brick churches had replaced the earlier wooden structures. Generally the parson or preacher would have three services on the sabbath. The churches were mostly filled to capacity. Salvation and damnation were proclaimed from the pulpit in dramatic fashion. The weekdays too were busy ones for the Reverend gentlemen. Weddings and funerals, the visitation of the homes, especially of the sick and afflicted, were attended to. Salaries were meager but were augmented by personal gifts of butter, eggs, etc. These were greatly appreciated but if the good housewife occasionally forgot - the man of the cloth was not remiss when bidding farewell to remark on the thrifty appearance of the fowl or of the wondrous growth of the garden. Then the lady of the house would excuse herself soon reappearing with something for the Reverend's wife - a pound of butter, a dozen eggs, some apples for the children and next time for sure it would be a fowl. On each visitation the Reverend gentleman would lead in family worship and in prayer. How refreshing and uplifting! Just as early log and frame churches gave way to more modern buildings, so also with the schools, and by the '70s and '80s the Ryerson little red brick had made its appearance up and down the countryside. The pupils were drilled in the three Rs, and what penmanship

those early teachers and their pupils displayed. How well the family bibles attest to their painstaking skill. Like the churches the schools too were well attended, especially during the winter months when boys of 16 or 18 attended making amends for their absence in times of seeding and of harvest. To keep order the teacher must needs be a good disciplinarian and so a premium was placed upon the hefty male teacher. The teacher's desk usually contained a birch rod and in later years a rubber strap. Schoolboys of the stern pest knew the birch for its bite as well as for its bark. The birch was indeed 'the sour tree of knowledge'.

What good times they had and what pranks were played in those early days. In the old school-house at No.6, formerly Martins, the benches were placed from outside in forming a rectangle in the centre. This central space was occupied by the teacher while a class was being taught. What a glorious opportunity for relaxation there was for those sitting at the back of the teacher, but should the culprit be found out - what recrimination!

East of the school some two hundred yards was the Andereon pond. In winter time the older pupils would skate upon the ice surface during the noon hour. On this particular day a gangling youth broke through the rubbery surface just as the teacher's hand bell sounded time for school. The youth all dripping went into the kindly Anderson home, got a change of clothing and came back to school. Through the keyhole he saw the teacher's back was to the door, so he noiselessly tiptoed in regaining his seat without any repercussions. In later years he teught in the red brick school erected on the same site.

We all like to look back and reminisce upon the pranks played in our schoolhood days. About the turn of the century (oh it was a cold and blustry morning) drifts were piled high upon the roads, even over the top of the rail fences. Only six or seven pupils turned up and after building the fire in the big box stove and having gotten warmed up, we played Jackknife on the soft pine bench back of the stove awaiting the arrival of teacher. 9.45 and still

no teacher. e decided to loc to and go hom pupil was sent out to the stile to w e last look - old Fred's long black ears were just who up over Dillanes hill - we scurried back into the sch l aving one to lock the school door put the key in ual hide-a-way and climb in through a ide wind m all got into the cupboards at the back o hool e kept silent as mice. Teacher came fire was well checked and then after lingerin mor she departed Out we scrambled making a great c ner returned all smiles and we had a short y njoyable day at school.

Chapter 6

Exuberance

The exuberance of youth was carried over to the grown-ups and many indeed were the pranks played at the various bees and other gatherings. The carpenters and the masons who were framing the l b rs and building the foundation for the Hayes hom in 1894 had just concluded a busy week s worl and on the Saturday night wished to go over the hills to Beeton to regale themselves The regular work team was tired so the Pla n brothers of the next lot east, who also w shed to go to the village brought up a horse to go along with th Hayes spri e. So off the gang went to Beeton thunders o came up and in a lull between showers they beat it ho home The wo kmen commenced teasing the Allens who sat on the front seat of the democrat w th Albert dr ving Things were getting pretty hot Ever another downpour fa led to dampen the levity. Halfway up the steep Riddell Hill things began to really pop Eli slipped down in the inky darkness unsnapped the lines undid the traces of their nag Albert by this time was astride Eli was up behind him and off home they went leaving the Hayes horse the democrat and the gang to slithe into the ditch That with another downpour they had quite a night of it!

The following prank was played at a feed-cutting bee at Mr Jeffer es on the fifth concession. Oh it was a cold and frosty day and in the interval during the sharpening of the cutting knives something simply had to be done to stir up the blood to forget the cold. A sleepy barn owl had been seen high up on a purlin plate. Mr Thompson was shown the owl and decided to bring to go to the house for the Jeffercies's of-gun. While he was away the owl was secured in an old Christie biscuit box and a piece of frozen cow manure about covered was shaped and placed just where the owl had been. Yes it looked just like the owl but there was Thompson coming with the gun! 'Do you see him Jimmie? Yes yes I'll get him'. Bang! You have pinned him to the rafters someone shouted. 'By dede I have!' A way up he climbed, about to grab the supposed dead owl when he saw reality staring him in the face. Imagine his chagrin. The gang was hilarious There never was an owl Thompson said At supper time they showed him the biscuit box and the owl. For weeks he would not speak to the one he thought planned the prank

In our barn there was a scaffold built to hold oat sheaves for the cutting of feed in the late autumn the straw carriers used, at that time of threshing machines passed close under the scaffold and up out of doors to the stack. There was five stackers and a sixth who stood close to the carriers and passed the straw back. This day two mow men secured an empty apple barrel on the scaffold and at the opportune moment put it on the carrier, steering it carefully with the fork over John's head. He had a kerchief hanging down from his hat to keep off the dust and with his head low would not see the barrel. That moaning and groaning followed that invective

Soon another occasion John was at his post as usual. The noon whistle had just sounded As soon as the stack was clear two mow men climbed up and hurriedly dug a pit in the stack just under the carrier. They then put a couple of tree branches across the pit covering them with straw. On resumption of work at 1 o'clock John, of course, tumbled in and was covered with straw. Very often the

perpetrators of such pranks would remunerate with some trifle or other In this case perchance a plug of McDonald's Chewing, considered an excellent remedy for throat irritation from the threshing dust.

Sometimes it would be the good housewife who would be the victim of the pranksters and a particularly good looking pie would be missing from the swing-shelf if placed to close to the cellar window. All was taken in good part. Now those jolly occasions are forever gone. The combine has replaced the threshing machine and bees of various kinds are extinct. Always a great sense of humour prevailed among the pioneers Over on the third concession line, south west of Tottenham, Hamilton Cowan was having a fatted calf killed and dressed. He asked neighbours Brawley and Williams to help Next morning on Tottenham's four corners they were telling of how

Hamilton Cowan killed a calf
John Brawley got the half.
Christie Williams got the tail
For the making of a flail.

Citizens for some miles round knew that on the third and fourth concessions there were very close proximity the Hayes, the Rices, the Corbetts, Coons and the Crows and that over near Lemonberg nearly all the colours of the rainbow were to be found. There were the Browns, Blacks, the Grays, Greens and the Whites

Chapter 7

Cronies

Now will you come with me and meet some of my acquaintances of yesteryears, some of the older folk and how they appeared to a child of 6 towards the close of the

last century, not forgetting that we in our turn might appear just as quaint to the little tots of our generation.

First there was Mr. A--- who lived on the farm back of us. He was a fairly tall man with pink cheeks and long white hair. Once a week with great regularity he would come along the bush track upon his white nag. He would be going down to a neighbour on the fifth concession line for a jar of buttermilk, how he did like buttermilk! Upon his return journey he would tie his steed to a post of the lane fence, come into the house and, after the customary greeting which included a discussion of the weather and a statement concerning his present state of health, he would proceed to search his vast pockets invariably coming up with a stick of liquorice. Handing it to me he would say, Take this my lad, some day you will rule the roast that you will! Sixty-five or so years later I am sorry to admit his prophecy has not been fulfilled

Now we meet Mr. B--- of medium height, a broad man with a large moon like face, long hair white and like silk. He wore a large drab double breasted coat, three quarter length with huge brass buttons. He did not call so often as Mr. A, living farther away. I always liked to see him come and count out twenty large gold coins and pass them over to father. How they did shine especially when the sunlight fell upon them. Alas! the gold did not remain in father's hands for long, ever it had to be paid over to a third party. Mr. B always brought to mind the vision of 'King Midas'.

Mr. Davey Dick was quite a little man with a small nut brown face, small keen brown eyes and close cropped hair. He even wore a dark brown close ribbed cardigan, the pockets of which were small. Each held but five large purple plums and always did when plums were in season. So, of course, Davey was ever a welcome entrant to our laneway. Poor Davey was subject to fits and aroused our sympathy. The older boys teased him and then how he did chase them jerking stones at them so fast and so straight like from a rifle. Davey had a nickname for the neighbours - Mr. Cord

with whom he lived was Gourley', Albert Allen, a huge gangling youth, was Sampson', Mr. Jefferies was Jarvis', my father "Pee Geordie" and Joseph Bramham who was expert in handling the horse scraper was, of course, Joe the scraper man', and so on.

There was Ned Innis whom our black and white collie always welcomed with a certain plaintive bark. He was a tall man, head slightly stooped with age. His hair was long and white, fine too like silk and curled upwards at the back of the neck. He wore a three-quarter length frock coat black too, as was his broad brimmed soft felt hat and he leaned heavily upon a black thorn staff. I looked upon him as a Quaker. He was one of our more distinguished guests. In this catagory also was Mr. Joseph Ellison, ex padagogue of excellent penmanship.

Then too there were the ladies, 'God bless them!' Two elderly ladies used to drive over and visit with us twice yearly. I always welcomed their coming. They were ever dressed in black with lace collars and cuffs and they wore bonnets. After the conversation had waned a little I would bring from the cellar the largest and roslest apples I could find and serve them with plates and knives. Shortly after, the more talkative one would bring forth her dainty lace handkerchief and untying a knot and released a shiny victorian five cent piece. After a pat and a hug and a "this is for you" my attention turned toward the other lady. This time it was the larger ten cent piece. She too patted my head - her whole face went crinkly and her eyes effused friendliness. I liked them both but she that gave me the ten cent piece - well a little bit the more.

Also there was Ann Wiley, a very distant relative I was told, who visited us about three times a year and for two or three days. Her hair was not auburn, not a fiery red, but of an in between tinge and was tied in a bun at the back of her head. She was ruddy faced and had freckles. She would call me over, run her long fingers through my hair and say "Poor Pee Teazel (for Cecil), I

have something for you and her hands would search among the many pleats and folds of her voluminous skirt for a certain mysterious pocket and from which at last, a bag of mixed candy was forthcoming. The trouble with Ann was that on the second or third day of her stay she would take affront at something father or mother would unwittingly say then a real "huff" would come over her; "I'll never come back here again. I never will", and out the door she would stomp invariably forgetting her umbrella or maybe a pair of rubbers. She would get as far as the roadway, come back for the forgotten article and often would make up again.

Then too there was the very important lady in the village bake-shop who kept such wondrous candy - I would stand before the great showcase eterry eyed. Six pennies would only buy six candies but each would be as large as what you would pay five or ten cents for today. Though spoken of as a kindly woman I thought her rather sharp. While considering which ones I should select, I was suddenly startled by 'which will you have eh? eh?' A sharp chin and a long nose had come well over the showcase. I meekly replied. Please, two of those caramels wrapped in the shiny paper, two peanut chews and two bulls-eyes.' Upon receiving the candy I made a neaty retreat.

Now I must not forget my Great Aunt Sally. I did not see her very often, but what a great personage she seemed to be. She was a fairly tall lady wore a black dress trimmed with white lace and also she wore a lace cap or head covering. Her long clay pipe intrigued me - so I needs must pick it up - but woe to me! I let it fall to the floor and it was broken. Yes, I had no right touching it and I was in her bad graces. What could I do to make amends? Father came to my rescue and soothingly said. Never mind, come along with me to Totten and, and after a nice ride behind the sorrel 'Joe', he purchased not one but six clay pipes at Hemmells store. Best of all Aunt Sally was my friend again. She put her arms around me and gave me a wholesome hug.

Then there were the verious peddlers and yea, the travellers of the road, the hoboes of bygone days - all intrigued me. There was old Billy Johnstone with a peg leg and his one-horse wagon filled with shiny tinware, pails cullenders funnels and pans of all kinds. One third down our laneway he would blow his horn. Collie too would announce his coming with a special 'welcome bark!' How nice it was to see him hand over to mother some shiny utensil'

I too, recall those small but sturdy Armenian peddlers who went about on foot and carried two cases or packs - one large and thick packed with dry goods. Everything seen in a dry goods store seemed to be there - kerchiefs, towels, aprons, shirts, dresses, hose and lingerie. The other case contained combs, knives and other cutlery jewellry, pipes, etc. Not only would the good housewife purchase but the hired man also would be approached, Buy a nice pipe Mr John; this one I brought especially for you". But again the marvel of how they trudged over the rough and hilly roads with those great cases and packs sweat would ooze from their foreheads Heart disease from tension plays havoc with the modern high pressure salesmen but how those peddling salesmen of bygone days escaped the penalty I'll never know. One Armenian had so much on his mind that he came all the way from Rich Hill, some three miles, minus his smaller case of jewellry. After displaying his dry goods to mother he missed the case and accused her of taking or of hiding it. He went out into the laneway and rolled over and over, 'I'll take my life' I'll take my life!' he said At last mother persuaded him to retrace his steps and there, sure enough, at the abode of his last purchaser was the case.

Soon after the turn of the century a nomad peddler asked overnight lodging for himself and steed at our farm home. After satisfying the inner man and displaying his wares, he brought in what seemed a most unusual contraption. When he set it up and adjusted the horn we realized it was --- yes it was a gramaphone - the

very first we had ever seen. After a squeaky start there were words and, yes, music - well of a kind. He was going to entertain us and so pay for the lodging. Two of the numbers went something like this

"Jerry Murphy is a friend of mine
He drinks beer but I drink wine."

and

"Three women to every man
O, say that if you can
Why don't every man
Have three wives."

Sorry I'm no musician and cannot write notes.

A gentleman of the highway came in our laneway one Saturday afternoon when we children were alone. A little afraid, we locked the front door, secured the back kitchen door with a pair of scissors in the keeper over the latch, then we hid in the cloakroom and awaited his visitation. A rap on the kitchen door! No answer! Another rap! Two or three minutes passed then another rap! We kept silent, our hearts in our mouths. At last he retreated. Then someone coughed. He came back again and waited for ten or fifteen minutes. Upon going out he slammed the woodshed doors wham! A huge clothes boiler fell to the floor. Once more he came back - another long wait and then he went this time for good.

Upon yet another occasion I met a knight of the road but one who never would have passed for one of "Robin's Gang". It was a Friday evening as I was passing the old McCurdy homestead this knight of the road was approaching from the opposite direction, a knotted red 'kerchief upon his head, a pack on his back and a crooked stick in his right hand. He was barefoot, his boots tied together hung over a shoulder and he had a long stubble for a beard. Would I be brave and meet him on the roadway? He then looked up at me and raised his stick that

was enough! - over the rail fence I scrambled and ran 'ell faster than ever before. Upon regaining the roadway some two hundred yards beyond the knight errant, I looked back at the receding figure. The palpitation had ceased and life seemed all rosy again.

Chapter 8

More Cronies

What a pictureeque figure and character was our Public School Inspector - the Reverend Thomas McKee. Tall and dignified he had something of the Tennysonian look including whiskers Having worn the cloth did also add to his dignity. Then too he wore a swallow tail coat. He would knock on the school door and immediately enter. "Good morning Miss Blank" a chair would be placed upon the platform for him. Generally he would have the teacher carry on with the class closing his eyes and twiddling his thumbs Did I say closing? Oh no! It seemed so but he did not miss a thing He had a tall memory and would often pick on a certain pupil time after time and a regular pantomime would ensue. Some detested him I liked to see him - both come and go. Down toward the door he would stride with each footfall a word of his farewelling would reverberate about the room "And-I-wish-you-every-success." I said the Inspector rapped on the door but this was not always so. Just before the close of the century he was wont to enter the school without rapping and in Mt. Pleasant School, Bess Township just south of Thornton a hefty male teacher took exception to this Upon this occasion he met the inspector half-way down the room and asked him to go out and re-enter in the proper manner. The Public School Inspector advanced just one step - Biff", a left hook to the eye. The Inspector did not return that day but on his next visitation he first rapped on the door

When I first went to Tottenham school a new lady teacher had just commenced her duties for the autumn term. Upon the Inspector's first visit thereafter 'What did you say your name was?' Miss Hattie Tremeer our teacher replied sedately. "Miss Hattie Metreer!" from the Inspector 'No Miss Hattie Tremeer', her voice rising slightly But have you no second name Miss Metreer? I mean Miss, Miss Tremeer She snapped back "Hattie Maude Tremeer" Miss Tremeer became one of his most respected and esteemed teachers.

Soon after his ordination the Rev John Totten, named after Tottenham's pioneer settler and whose kineman he was, united in holy bonds of matrimony, John 'J' and the widow 'B'. John was of the dreamy mould and when asked by the Reverend, Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" replied with a modulated 'Eh'! The Rev Totten repeated the question and again John answered with another puzzled 'Eh' Once more 'Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?' - a pause - "Say I will John" John meekly and softly replied 'Say I will.'

In 1921 the United Farmers of Ontario were victorious at the polls. On the Saturday night following the election I drove (horse and buggy) into Tottenham for the weekend's groceries Many farmers were milling about in a jovial and hilarious mood. The local miller, a staunch Liberal me just as ardent a Tory asked 'Oh, by the way, do you happen to know the U.F.O. password and grip?' 'Oh no I don't' I innocently replied interlocking the fingers of his right hand with mine. 'Do not grip too tightly loosely no', that's it!' He began swinging my arm to and fro slowly just like the motion of a cow's tail as she's swishing away the flies keeping time to the rhythm of our swinging arms he divulged the password, co-boss-y co-boss-y'. The resultant laugh caused some of the passing U.F.O. stalwarts to stop and stare at us! What right had we an ardent Liberal and Tory, to enthuse? This was their night.

When the carpenters were working on our barn, Mr. 'A' of the adjoining farm was often over at our place. He loved to pry the men with all kinds of questions loved also to tell them tall tales. This day it was almost noon when he came along. He was in the grainery. The men had hoped to complete it ere noon but he was botnering them. "Was not that Albert (his son) calling him? but he did not take the hint to go. Just then mother sounded the dinner gong. One hurriedly put the staple and latch on the outside of the door. The lock was snapped and the man scrammed for dinner. James was locked in' Have pity on a poor dying man' Have pity on a poor dying man' His shouts carried to the house and amused the gang

James was indeed quite a character being somewhat of a philosopher and, like most was not over fond of work. Their farm was very hilly and full of stumps and often on those first warm days in early April he would sit on the south side of some huge pine stump sunning himself, truly a harbinger of Spring. In oat harvest he would direct the work from his vantage point, again a pine stump. His two tall robust gangling sons would be loading the sheaves Albert, the elder, upon the wagon. Eli pitching on. 'Hi there 'Albert man Keep to the high side keep to the high side' he would shout in a loud voice that could easily be heard a good half mile away. Many an upset was thus averted.

Albert and Eli were ingenuous youths - threshing engines fascinated them. One old model was ever in their yard this they experimented with "Oh yes it had its faults - they could improve upon it' The lads seldom got into trouble Just once did they slip from the straight and narrow path. They were locked up in the 'birdcages' in Beeton's new town hall awaiting their appearance before the magistrate They escaped to the farm and led constables Watson and Appleton a right merry chase uphill and down dale and in the woods ere the strong arm of the law caught up with them.

Then there were the Devlin Boys. Even when in their seventies they remained the Devlin Boys. Paddy and Frank had come over from their native Armagh when mere lads. Though of the Roman Catholic faith and attending mass at least twice a year they sojourned mostly among the Protestants of Tecumseh whose forbears had come from the same locale in Ireland. They were soft spoken and possessed a plenteous supply of real Irish wit. They were wont to work a week or two at one farm and with a little money in pocket would go to the village and perhaps serve as hostlers for lodge and board. then another sojourn in the country with a different farmer. They were excellent ploughmen and marvellous at loading peas on the wagon. They would gather up a bundle oh so deftly and place it in the very right spot for the builder. They were carefree and had no financial problems. The good woman of the house might be glad of their departure yet at the time of their next visitation the welcome sign would be out. Their Irish wit and mannerisms made them welcome. One Saturday night in the days of the open bar Frank, who could just navigate Tottenham's four corners, met the local Massey-Harris agent (an old friend). In his broadest Irish he said "Good night Dan! Am I right?'

Down in Penville there lived "the Armstrong Girls', sisters. They were in their seventies when I first met them. It was my privilege and pleasure to bring them on my return from town some coal or groceries. Always they would ask me in for cake and tea. On Election Day I would call for them to exercise their franchise, a privilege and pleasure too. One Halloween night a neighbour woman dressed as a hobo rapped at the Armstrong door and on opening stepped inside. In deep guttural the supposed he demanded overnight lodging. The colour flushed to their faces - they were nervous. "We live alone. We never keep man folk overnight" they said apologetically yet firmly. "Oh but I think I'll be a stayin' ' persisted the supposed hobo. "Oh no! no no!" but Mrs. "S" the neighbour let it go at that, she had played her role well and had fun.

Chapter 9

Election Gems

A few days prior to the municipal election of 1906 I was entrusted with horse and buggy to go to Beeton to get the weekend supply of groceries. Having tied 'Joe' in the Commercial Hotel shed, I was on my way to the bake shop when two of Beeton's leading citizens met on the street in front of the hotel. One a little short man with a peg leg looked up into the face of a tall and statuesque figure. There was no salutation they came to the crux of the matter at once. 'Who are you for?' snapped the little man. 'I'm for Geordie! Who are you for?' 'I'm for Geordie too. Come on in and we'll wet it.' Geordie, my father, was running for the Reeveship. I felt at least two inches taller to think that two of Beeton's prominent citizens, belonging to the same church as his opponent, would take such interest in father being elected. In those days an 80% poll was common.

The provincial election of 1937 was very keenly contested. Mitch Hepburn, the Onion King, had been Premier and again led the Liberals. Earle Rowe, who had been federal representative, was leading the Tories. Their candidate, R.J. Jamieson, was being opposed by Dr. Smith of Creemore. Interest was at a feverish pitch. It was going to be close at No.2 this time. Scrutineers and the voluntary drawers-in were early on hand. It was even mooted that an outsider with a suitcase was accompanying one stalwart drawing in votes. Dire mutterings were heard. Scrutineers could generally find some means of communicating information to one another, but no not this time! Two old Tories left early to bring in a voter from a remote corner of the sub-division. He had been interviewed a day or two before. Oh yes! he would be all right. George could neither read nor write. Closeted in the

booth with the D.R.O. and the two scrutineers, he was asked "for whom do you wish to vote?" 'Smith or Jamieson?" asked the D.R.O. He did not know. Exasperated, the D.R.O. then asked "for Hepburn or Rowe?" 'Hepburn' meekly replied the voter. When later one of the Tories that drew the votar in heard of this his chagrin was great, but all he said was, "By thunder!" By mid-afternoon excitement ran high. A Ukranian had just come into the booth - a Liberal vote to be sure. The opposing scrutineer, knowing John very well, drew him aside. No, John did not have naturalization papers and so was not entitled to vote. On counting the ballots one with a large 2 in place of an X was disputed and eventually not counted. The living room door was open a few inches and a woman's voice 'thinks he's smart' could be heard, evidently referring to the objecting scrutineer. So the ladies had the same keen interest as had the man folk in political affairs.

The federal election of 1940 was held near the middle of March. A terrific snow storm preceded it and all but plugged the roads leading to the poll held at the Sutton home, third concession. The D.R.O. trudged the two miles across the fields and over innumerable drifts and wire fences topped by the barbed variety with ballot box. He had left home half an hour early and just reached the poll by opening time.

Our neighbour adjoining us hitched his team to the sleigh. He would take a load of voters to the booth and go by the town line and the third, so at 10 o'clock he with his wife and two lads all encased in warm apparel set out. First they would pick up the D.R.O's wife and hired man, the long lane deep with snow offered no great difficulty, than for the neighbours across the way. "Better put the horses in the stable' the neighbour shouted. 'The cut is full - all of 12 feet. My car is on the town line. It's open and so's the third I hear." So with horses

safely stabled, off they staggered across the fields and over drifts at the rail fences and at last made the car. It was clear sailing across the two concessions but as they were about to turn up the third two or three pedestrians returning from the booth shouted 'You'll never make it. Go 'round by the south town line and take the county road north. I think you'll make it but it's sure filling in fast'. Now the fun commenced - cars were stalled here and there - it was shovel and shove - a spurt by the car more shovelling and pushing. At last the county road was reached. They turned north and got three hundred yards but no more. So they must needs reverse to the town line - more pushing - at last they made it. "I'm hungry', said one. Let's go into Schomberg (close at hand). 'I'm broke'... So am I"... 'Sure our credit is good'. 'Let's go'. After refreshed and regaled they set out and at last reached the third. Would they go home never entered their heads. They had come to vote and vote they would! So they struggled and straggled on. How glad the D.R.O. was to see them enter the booth at 3:30. After voting and a short respite they departed glad at heart to have registered their vote despite the hazzards of weather. They had just left the polling booth when much to their consternation, they met six stalwarts of the opposing party - all close neighbours. They had walked the two concessions. 'Darn it all' was all the good lady who had torn her coat in the shoving said. Even at that there was one consoling factor - the six had left their lady folk at home. Back to the town line they trudged back also to the neighbour's for horses and sleigh.

When the ballots were counted and the result telephoned home all was serene - they were content. A good night's sleep did wonders. The ballot box seemed lighter that night as the D.R.O. ploughed through the drifts on his way home, but then upon describing a certain spoiled ballot to hear the hired man say 'That was my ballot.' What remorse! It was an election

day long to be remembered. I wonder if His Honour, the present Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, has any inkling of the hardships endured that day by his supporters in No. 2 Tecumseh.

In the 1921 provincial election a former Tory was this time drawing in voters for the U.F.O. He stopped to give our neighbour a ride to the poll, a distance of four miles. You are, of course, supporting our candidate. 'Oh no. I'm for the other side.' "Well then you'll walk from here on in." Mr. A, who had offered John the lift, stopped in Beeton to pick up another supposed supporter. In the meantime John had secured another ride. On coming out of the booth he again met Mr. A. How he did chuckle.

In those good old days the niceties of the rules governing the poll were not always adhered to in every detail. On one occasion Mr. C., a real old timer, came into the booth and after being given a ballot and directed to a cubicle immediately sprawled his angular frame upon the table in front of the election officials and waiting voters and marked his ballot with a huge X saying at the same time so all could hear him "I'm for Rowe." All were so startled there was no objection.

This time the polling station was in Penville. Near the booth lived an old resident. Both sides were after him to vote so on the afternoon he developed a cold, an election cold it was! He would go to bed but ere he was in bed those persistant Tories were rapping on the outside door so he hops into bed as he was at the time. His helpmate, who too was anxious that he should vote, ushered the two Tories into the bedroom. They cajoled with him and got him into good humour and then they pulled the covers off. There he was - what a spectacle - in red flannels and socks on his feet. But he voted! What interest these early citizens had in national and political events and what enthusiasm they revealed.

Chapter 10

Marketing

We have told of how the early pioneer pounded his wheat into meal in the hollow of an oak stump and of how later he took a small grist by pack-horse to the Holland Landing mill. How welcome was Squire Ramsey's coffee mill - no more arduous trips over the rough corduroy road to Bradford and the Landing. We have observed the building of the first wagon by Henry Clark and the hauling of the first load of wheat to Muddy York. That first wagon, that first load of wheat made history. It commenced a pattern or trend - the marketing of Tecumseh's early farm products in Muddy York (later Toronto).

The early settlers followed a trail that went south and east from Lloydtown. Later Lloydtown was by-passed, a road having been built through Schomberg. This marketing trail or road meandered through Nobleton, Pine Grove, Woodbridge, Weston and the Junction (West Toronto). Hotel accommodation could be had at Woodbridge, Weston and the Junction in the fifties. Soon other little wayside inns sprang up. Not only were loads of grain, oats and other fodder delivered to the Toronto market but also beef, pork and poultry. Certain farmers made a business of buying up and delivering to Toronto the farm produce of their immediate neighbourhood. They were known as hucksters. To Toronto and return was a two or three day trip and by the seventies the road had become a much travelled thoroughfare. The farmers and hucksters staying at the various inns were wont to discuss their merits. The Peacock Inn at the Junction and the Woodbridge Inn were unanimously given the nod of approval. They were good places to stop over at. 'Don't stay at that little wayside tavern at the Kleinburg cut-off. They are short of blankets there."

was often heard. So a sign "Short Blanket Hotel Corner" was erected and told posterity of the fact.

The Grand Trunk Railway built a line from Hamilton through Tottenham and Beeton to Allandale in the seventies. These two villages then did really thrive! Farmers brought in eggs, butter and poultry to the various stores sometimes for cash but more often for trade. Sometimes the farmers' accounts were running ones. Once or twice a year and nearly always just before Christmas there was a reckoning up of accounts. Farmers and merchants alike were content. Seldom were there trouble spots. One Beeton merchant did, when inserting a tester into a tub of butter, come upon a rock. No words were exchanged at the time but later at the time of reckoning the weight of the rock was deducted in sugar. A flushed face was the only evidence of chagrin on the good lady's part. She continued to be a regular customer. In both villages grain elevators and grist mills were built, coal and wood yards established and now, near the close of the century, the local weekly produce market was established. Let us now have a looksee at the Tottenham market as of the early 1900s.

Preparing for market did entail a lot of arduous and fatiguing tasks upon the industrious farm housewife. Eggs had to be cleaned, graded and sometimes candled, and then packed in cartons or baskets. Butter was often churned on the previous day. The dash or barrel churn was in common use. Later churns of various designs with gear and foot pedal were in vogue. One neighbour had a dog churn. The English collie seemed to think this task to be beneath his dignity and much preferred the bringing up of the cows for milking. After being churned the butter was washed and thoroughly mixed with just the right amount of salt added and, oh yes, a few drops of butter colouring. Then it was made into pound prints. Some design, perhaps a thistle, shamrock or rose, was imprinted on the pound mould. The housewife would

carefully wrap it in thin butter paper that revealed the exact colour the likeness of a dairy cow and the name of the proprietress and of the farm as "Mrs. Dan O'Grady, Roselawn Farm". Certain ladies took especial pride in having choice fowl dressed and trimmed just so. They would then always obtain the highest prices.

Beeton's market was held Tuesday mornings, Tottenham's on the same afternoon. The same buyers attending both markets made it a real field day. Two especially stand out in my mind's eye. Scanlon was short and stubby, Irish of course, of pinkish complexion. When bidding his eyes sparkled and his bids were sharp and snappy. His wit was of the spiced variety. Teasdale was tall dark, lean faced and his bids were measured and slow.

By 1 30 the market was under way. It was, of course, in the good old horse and buggy days. The hotel sheds were filled with horses and buggies, some democrats too. Even the church sheds were partly full with a few horses tied in front of certain shops. Inside the market hall all was hustle and commotion just prior to opening. The many farm matrons present had artfully displayed their produce. The early worm, of course, had had the choice of position or stand. But now the buyers were on hand and bidding had commenced.

Scanlon had a good speck for just such butter as Mrs. E from over north made. Teasdale knowing this would chance a raise, but Scanlon must have that butter and would have to pay the unheard of price of 17¢ per lb. But he got back at Teasdale who had ready market for Mrs. Ps chickens. Teasdale had to pay 23¢ per lb. Now you see how popular these ladies might be with the average farm matron. But good humour prevailed for the most part and many pleasantries were passed around.

After the chequee were given out the ladies would hasten to their favourite store for the weeks supply of groceriee, to the butcher's for a choice steak or roast. Of course the dry goods stores got a large share of the weekly market cheque. A new dress for 6-year old Mary, a hair ribbon for little Lucy and for Donald a pair of shoes. Then perchance a call to the druggist for liniment for the injured Dobbin or Epsom Salts for the sick cow The shop keeper would often tuck in a bag of candy. It would not do to lose the patronage of such good customers as the farm ladies of Tecumseh proved to be.

Many a scheme was employed to get the customer upstairs. Here new hats were on display for the ladies and stacks and stacks of mens and boys clothing. One crafty tradesman in a neighbouring village was wont to inveigle some of his customers into buying a new hat for Mi-Lady by first inviting them downstairs for a 'wee droppie' and then upstairs where the pretty new milliner had the finest creations on display. Often it worked.

The farmers marketed their grain at the local elevators and took grists to Nolan's mill on Tottenham pond. The great water wheel was used to generate power for the mill as late as the 1930s. On certain days the three elevator men would be at the four corners to compete for choice loads of wheat or of malting barley. They would climb upon the load, sample and test the grain. The load of grain would then be delivered to the highest bidder. The farmers received payment by cheque and then the merchants would have a field day and yes, maybe the hoteliers as well, but generally if they thrived the merchant was shy and vice verse.

So market day in Tottenham was as is market day the world over - well at least next to the Sabbath, the most important day of the week in the life of the community. The ladies thoroughly enjoyed it. They took time off to say "Hi neighbour" and reminisce on some outstanding occurrence of the week. It served as a refreshor course.

Chapter 11

Fall Fair

Having told something of the activities of the community, I would be remiss indeed if I did not refer to the Beeton Fall Fair held annually and almost invariably at that time during the second week of October. It has since developed into quite a large and interesting event with exhibitors from various parts of the province, but herein I will attempt to describe the Fair as seen through the eyes of a youth in his early teens and shortly after the turn of the century.

It was then mainly a community project. Exhibitors and spectators alike were mainly from the Township. Each exhibitor was more or less acquainted with the others and it was 'Hello Tom, Dick or Harry' as the case might be. The late D A. Jones took a keen interest in the planning of the Fair Grounds and in the laying out of the splendid half-mile race course. He too planted the maples that encompass the entire area. The Agricultural Hall with its adjoining little stand for spectators was erected. Then too there was the judges' stand or pagoda. Also a portion of the grounds was arranged to accommodate the live-stock

At about 11 o'clock I think it was October 9 1906, a neighbour lad and I with but fifty cents each set out on shanks pony over the hills to attend Beeton Fair. Yes it had rained as was wont in the forenoon, but now the sun broke through the clouds ere we had gone half-way. Mr. Rose espied us as we passed his splendid orchard and stuffed our pockets with apples and pears. A steady stream of buggies and democrats passed by but nary a lift did we get. The village was jam packed. We passed two soft drink booths ere we reached the Fair Grounds. We were hot and thirsty and so were tempted to regale ourselves with some of the bubbly and frothy refreshment - lemon sour or cream soda, but with only fifty cents we turned our backs to the booth

and ran Soon we were at the entrance to the Fair Grounds. Here fifteen cents was extracted from each of us but hurrah, we were inside.

First things first We were in the midway and what a bedlam! Men with raucous voices were trying to attract the crowd. . Hit the nigger on the head and win a 10¢ cigar!' The wheel of fortune - it too was there.. 'Every time the wheel goes round somebody's sure to win a half dollar' And there was the gypsy tent with a dark haired, dark eyed Rebecca who would foretell a successful future for only 25¢ Over there where all the big husky fellows were gathered , a well muscled giant would demonstrate his prowess with the sledge hammer by hitting a small metal peg with great gusto; the bell would ring every time Then many a big fellow would try and fail and he would turn to some ordinary 'Joe 'Here, you try it' The bell would ring and many more tickets were sold. Side shows? Oh yes' Everybody this way. For only 15¢ you can see the wild man from Borneo. He eats raw meat and drinks blood' Also 15¢ would enable one to view some scantily clad Phillipine beauties. Medicine men were on hand - 'The Kik-a-pak Indian medicine cures all aches and pains!' And, of course, there was the perennial Naff-Ointment salesman With a little charcoal burner he would heat to red hot an iron rod and pull it across his forefinger then applying the ointment he would hold forth his finger, 'See no burn' then dozens of boxes would sell There was also the merry-go-round which did more perhaps than any other thing to impart the holiday spirit But we must not fritter any more time away on the midway so into the Hall we struggled It was closely packed fruit and vegetables of every variety were on display - there were huge pumpkins squash turnips potatoes of orchard fruit apples pears plums were in plentiful supply Just to look at the display would make one's mouth water Next came the canned fruit, pickles, butter, eggs poultry and then on around the other side was the fancy work section - a breath taking display. The prizes had already been awarded - how happy these ladies seemed on viewing the awards. Down at the far end of the Hall and away from the door our church organist

was dispensing wondrous music playing a Gerrard-Heintzman.

Now out of the hall we went but none too soon for over there was the "Tug O War" between the Ajala Irishmen and the Tecumseh Giants and then the bell sounded from the judges stand and a stentorian voice through a megaphone announced "First Sully Race - the 2 minute class over this way at once" The spectators sprinted to obtain advantageous positions from which to view the race. True there was no horse there that could come close to the great "Dan Patch". A local horse captured the first heat but lost out in the next two to a Brampton horse much to the disappointment of the local racing enthusiasts. Then we watched the Ivy-Beeton baseball game, but all of a sudden we were aware of more excitement over on the track. The sprints were on - Knox of Orillia Ontario champion was leading the pack coming into the home stretch. Jack Scott of Beeton was holding his own two rods back then Scott was closing the gap and wonder of wonders, he passed Knox and won the race by a good two yards.

There was that day a very fine display of live-stock. Exhibitors were mainly from the vicinity of Beeton but some came from various parts of the Township. Competition was keen in all classes and for that early it was an excellent showing and was the promise of even better things to come

On looking about at the Fair, a stranger must have been struck by the happiness and contentment that permeated everywhere. It was a real harvest home festival. Farming is, after all, a rewarding enterprise, a healthful pursuit: life was not all centered in self. Everyone seemed to be renewing old friendships and acquaintances. The cares and worries of the [illegible] of the household were forgotten and even politics on all levels was in the discard for the day. To be present at the Fair was an exhilarating experience and it was all to the good of the community. Children especially had a grand time, infants in their mother's arms, little tots being led around by Grandma and by the odd Grandpa too, bevies of older boys and girls

munching on pop-corn or candy refreshing themselves at the booths or watching the various sporting events and games.

The costumes of the ladies followed no particular pattern one could wear within certain wide limits anything you wished and get away with it though the wide flowing skirt of innumerable petticoats and folds was in greatest evidence numerous petticoats were worn and the broad brimmed hat trimmed with ribbons and bearing many varied floral creations was popular Well dressed ladies in their fifties and sixties were mostly black with great ostrich plumes on their hats. The Grandmas wore bonnets with ribbons of silk; the collar and bodice also of silk. The dresses of the teenagers were colourful with many flounces and furbelows.

The headgear of the sterner sex went all the way from the soft, wide brimmed felt and the comfortable peaked cap to the bowler or Christie stiff Then too there was the odd silk hat. How imposing W.H. Hammell (ex M.P.P.) looked with silk hat and tails and gold headed cane- George Robson also in his silk topper Walter Evans and W.J. Bell ever natty and of smart appearance. Very few smoked cigarettes the pipe and the more lucrative cigar were in vogue The women, of course just did not smoke- But oh yes I forgot invariably a certain lady smoked her corncob pipe She particularly enjoyed the races, mingling with the men folk using also good Canadian slang of the spiced variety.

But now the sun has almost set and they are taking down the tents and marquees The live-stock are being loaded and everyone is in a hurry to get home ere the darkness settles down But purveyors of fruit and of peanuts were still barking their wares "Bananas ripe! two for five six for ten and all you want for a quarter." Hokey pokey double-jointed California peanuts all the way from Santiago; 5¢ the bag' How much money have you left?" my companion asked "A dime" 'So have I" he said "let's have a basket of grapes they are 20¢ per basket.'

we had to walk home. They would come in handy ere we climbed the steep Riddell Hill Would we be sick? Oh well, Beeton Fair comes but once a year, we would take the chance. We were broke but happy and by the time we reached home a good night's repose was assured

Chapter 12

The Glorious Twelfth

Since the great majority of the early pioneers of Tecumseh were of Ulster stock, a brief sketch of a 12th of July celebration would, perhaps not be amiss My earliest recollection of The Glorious 12th was of one held in Beeton when I was 4 years of age. The images imprinted in my memory at that time were sharp and vivid True they have been somewhat dulled and blurred by the passing of seventy odd years (surely not that many) The colourful decorations the arches all covered with bunting and flags (Ensign and Jack) the many streamers, the colourful parade with the King Billys on the white horses, the numerous banners and above all the music of the fife and drums and bag pipes all were indelibly imprinted on memory s wall.

To get a more detailed picture let us recall the 12th of 190? again in Beeton This 12th of July morning broke clear - not a cloud in the sky We must needs get up early as both father and brother were members of Mt. Ararat 104 and they convened at o clock and many chores had to be done The first thing of importance in ushering in the day in proper style was the firing of the old Lee Enfield. Of course our nearest neighbour (1/4 mile distant) heard the report and answered with a tremendous 'hurrah' that carried almost as far When we got to the Lodge the Union Jack was already atop the flag-staff The shed was filled with horses and buggies Orangemen were in their shirt sleeves white waist coat orange sash and blue

ribbon down side of trousers, wide brimmed straw hats muslin covered and festooned with orange blue purple and scarlet ribbons. They were whooping it up on fife and drums. The Boyne Water, Protestant Boys and Cock of the North were but some of the tunes played But now the windows and shutters on the yard side were closed Lodge was called and we must hush! hush! The Billy Goat must not be rancoured by irrelevant sounds and noises The secrets of the Lodge must not be divulged to those outside.

At last the Lodge meeting was over and we were on our way. At the eighth concession we were joined by two more Lodges. All the way into the village our musical quartet played stirring and inspiring music. Beeton seemed to be packed but it was nothing compared to the throngs at parade time (1 o'clock) The banners flags drums and other regalia were placed inside the Agricultural Hall. The Beeton Lodge headed by the town brass band marched one mile to the G T.R. Station and met all incoming trains including two specials. All forenoon more and more Lodges kept coming in from the country. The town was well decorated three huge arches of cedar all garlanded with ribbands and flags had been erected Imprinted on huge streamers in front of the arches and o er head were many Orange slogans 'To the pious and immortal memory of William of Orange' One school one flag one throne' 'Equal rights to all special privileges to none'. All shops were bedecked with flags and bunting. The numerous booths both downtown and on the Fair Grounds did a rip roaring business. All three churches and the ladies Orange sacred dinner from 11 o'clock. The meals for only 50¢ were really something out of this world - all you could eat and more of the very best.

Fall in' was sounded at 1 p m. sharp. Lodges were to assemble on the Fair Grounds and from there the parade would start. The various marshals (county and district) were mounted on white horses. They were the King Billys and they wore cocked hats broad brimmed adorned with white and scarlet plumes scarlet coats riding boots and spurs swords held upright. They dashed here and there barking

their commands proper seniority must be maintained visiting Lodges were to lead off Tecumseh District would bring up the rear Now they seemed ready and the parade was off.

The County Master and Marshal (the chief King Billy) headed the parade along with visiting dignitaries They were all mounted on pretty horses and in their brilliant regalia looked imposing A band headed each District many individual Lodges hired bands as well Every Lodge had at least two drums and fife. In front of each District there generally was a huge fellow bearing high a great Union Jack At the front of each Lodge the banner would be borne by four stalwart members equipped with holders for the banner poles to rest in Holding the banner strings or cords would be four little boys resplendent in similar regalia to that worn by Lodge members Up front would be the Master with Gavel, then the Marshal with sword upright. They were followed by the Deputy Master and Chaplain with open bible. Then came the rank and file with the committee men with ribboned poles bringing up the rear What a colourful parade it was that day Seventy-nine Lodges in all and twenty-one bands Each Lodge had its own distinctive dress and nearly all were colourful. There were that day, seven Ladies' Lodges five I.O.R.Ds and two "True Blues". To look down Center Street was an imposing spectacle the colourful uniforms, the imposing banners, the gleaming band instruments enhanced too by the various King Billys resplendent in all their fine regalia.

They marched down Center to almost the ninth concession line, a good mile then counter marched back up Center to Main there criss-crossing now west on Main 'til the G.T Railway again countering east on Main and on past the new county home, once more countering to Center and hence to the Fair Grounds Even along the route friends and acquaintances would greet the marchers. It would be 'Hi there Bob Billy or Jack' Little boys and girls would tag along beside daddy or big brother

Once back on the grounds they soon dispersed How tired and thirsty they must be The booths did a rush business, there being a continuous line-up. But now the 'Speaking' had commenced over at the grandstand. Controller H.C. Hocken, Editor Orange Sentinel and "Billy Fitzgerald Gr. Sec. and "Daddy" to the kiddies at the Orange Orphanage discoursed on the Historic Significance of the Orange Order and the Separate School Question then a live provincial political issue.

Over there at some distance sports were on foot races for County and District Masters for their wives, past Masters and Masters 100 yards free for all and then various races for children and still over there in another direction there was a Beeton-Tottenham (old rivals) field lacrosse game This ended in a close win for Tottenham 13 - 11, much to the chagrin of the many Beeton fans.

Now the speaking was over and prizes were being awarded. Rich Hill, all resplandent in their orange shirts, broad brimmed muslin covered straw hats embellished with orange, purple, blue and scarlet ribbons received 1st prize for dress, Mt Ararat for best marching, Enniskillen for best banner, Grand Valley for great distance and a Mr Black from Alliston greatest number of years a member (92 years of age 74 a member).

Eats and refreshments were again served in the evening Imagine cold ham and salads and all the pie one could eat for 25¢

But now it was packing up time The sun was almost down. All were tired yet happy It had been a grand day and Orange traditions and ideals had been well maintained that now distant and far off 12th of July in Beeton.

Chapter 13

Boiling Down

Of all the tasks undertaken by the early settlers none yielded more enjoyment and satisfaction than did "Boiling Down". At the turn of the century most farms in our neighbourhood contained ten acres or so of woodland and nearly always there would be a goodly number of maples. The average farmer would tap fifty trees and up It was a family project, the maple syrup and sugar being for family use and not for commercial purposes but almost always a little could be spared for a neighbour who was ill or in dire need.

In earlier times "Boiling Down" did entail much preparation. Wooden troughs (to hold the sap) had to be gouged out by use of adze and chisel, wooden spoils had to be bored and shaped. But now the metal spoil had replaced the wooden the tin and then the galvanized bucket came into vogue. The sugar kettle was still in use the modern evaporator was as yet unheard of.

The sugar camp was generally situated on a level yet sheltered glade as near to the center of the sap trees as possible. There was a shed that served to store the wood for 'Boiling Down' and also for shelter from storm. This particular year Junior (myself) who was home for Easter holidays (late in March) came running boisterously into the house announcing sap is running. It was a bright sunny morning following a nippy frost. Yes sap would be a running.

The buckets were gotten down scalded and scoured likewise the spouts. The buckets and spouts, brace and bit and hammer all were loaded in the cutter. We (my brother and I) hitched Joe the four year old gelding, and away to the camp we went, the black and white collie running alongside. And now for the tapping -

my brother bored the holes and drove the spoils carefully into place. I carried the buckets and held the spoils. Ere the bit was in the proper distance the sap was oozing through. There the spoil was in place and the bucket hung the sap was really running, drip-drip-drip-drip-drip. The next day at noon all 65 trees were tapped. Three large barrels, two large sugar kettles and one smaller one were loaded on the sleigh behind Dan and Lucy and taken to the camp site. A huge back log was rolled into place. Two saplings were cut down and sawed off just above a crotch. These were firmly embowled into the earth the crotches hung about 4-1/2 feet above ground A suitable pole was cut and placed across the uprights in the crotches and all was in readiness for 'Boiling Down'

Two days later the barrels were filled with sap and it was yet running. Mother and I with Collie would Boil Down. Pee wees those early harbingers of Spring were piping merrily. Crows were caw-cawing, winter green all red with berries was showing up on little mounds already bare of snow - Spring was really in the air, but we must 'Boil Down.'

We carried sap from nearby trees filling all three kettles. We smeared some fat pork around the inside rim of the kettles and also suspended a portion over each (this to prevent the sap from boiling over). A skimmer to take off pockets of scum and bits of charcoal that may have popped in a quart ladle, a long stick for poker, a shovel and axe made up our equipment

But now the steam was rising, sparks were snapping and ascending; a nice warmth from the fire had dispelled the early morning chill. Mother was comfortable sitting on a log covered over by a robe, a sapling served as back rest, reading Tennyson's 'Moit d'Arthur' Collie was having a grand time rolling over and over upon a snowy patch or chasing and barking at squirrels up a tree It was indeed a glorious morning air brisk and clear, the sun shone warm in an almost cloudless sky. Yes one could say with Browning

'God is in his Heaven
All's well with the world

Already the sap was lowering in the kettles so more was emptied from barrels to kettles by use of a pail. The sap was ladled from kettle to kettle and from left to right. The contents of the small kettle on the right was becoming sweeter and sweeter. Fresh or green sap was always put in the large kettle on the left.

Noon was around in what seemed no time at all Two huge potatoes had been covered with ashes and surrounded by live coals and now they're ready. Three minutes boiled the eggs (in the sap) to a turn with salt and pepper and lots of butter added we had quite a feast Our keen appetites did add further relish. Green sap would taste delicious but the resultant cramps were to be avoided. "Let's taste the contents of the small kettle". How good it was! By 3 o'clock there was just one half barrel of sap left I must carry from the farthest trees mother would tend to the fire. By 5o'clock all available sap was used up all was now in the small kettle. The fire had been removed from the other two and we could now relax somewhat with but the one to tend - but not for long. The fire must needs be carefully watched and be gradually lessened. Scorching must be avoided. From time to time we tested the syrup for it was just that now Another twenty minutes it was off.

There was all of a good five gallons. It would be simmered and clarified (with white of egg) upon the kitchen range on the morrow. The first run of sap always makes the best syrup and that proved delicious.

We were tired but it had been a grand day. At the wind up of that season. School children came for a "Toffee-pull" the left over sap was used. What fun they had that April night around the open camp fire. In later years when cares and worries of the work-a-day world weigh heavy, the burden is somewhat lessened by memories of Boiling Down." "

During the '70s and '80s maple sugar as well as syrup was made in large quantities. Cane sugar was a scarce commodity - maple sugar was the all purpose sweetener in Tecumseh. I recall my father telling of how in the original log home on the old homestead there was a stack of circular slabs of maple sugar 20' in diameter, extending from floor to ceiling.

Chapter 14

Heritage

We have seen how very loyal to the Crown were the early settlers of this our Township of Tecumseh, of how they rallied to stamp out the rebellion of '36/ 37 and later the Fenian raids in the '60s; and most of us can recall the magnificent effort of our citizens during the 1st and 2nd World Wars. So too at the turn of the century during the Boar war enthusiasm reached a feverad pitch. As a child of eight or nine I delighted to play soldiering and along with neighbouring children endesvoured to emulate Buller, Roberts, Kitchener, Baden Powell and our own Colonel Otter. Modder River, Ladysmith, Kimberley, Mafeking we all enthused over. The Red Ensign and Union Jack seemed everywhere. Beeton sent it's Kearns Tottenham Bill Semple. Well do I recall Semple's return of Lion',being shouldered by the cheering crowd and carried through the village while the band played 'Rule Britannia' and 'Soldiers of the Queen' and of his presentation of gold watch and chain.

Until somewhat after the turn of the century very little had been done to honour or perpetuate in memory the heroic feats and deeds of the early pioneers. Some of the early cemeteries were in a state of neglect; many tombstones and memorial slabs were flat down or leaning at a perilous angle. In some the grass and weeds were uncut; a sense of

shame was felt by the average citizen. Something had to be done not only to improve the cemeteries but to commemorate the noble example and precepts of the early pioneers by the creation of memorial parks and the erection of cairns and plaques.

So cemetery boards were organized and cemeteries were placed under perpetual care. For one who had been absent for long years, to go back and view those same cemeteries in the '50s it was indeed with a great sense of pride and satisfaction for the magnificent work done by the present generation. Memorial parks were laid out, cairns and plaques erected to honour both the early pioneers and the soldiers who so nobly sacrificed their lives in the two world wars that posterity might the safer and richer be.

In Tottenham a splendid Memorial Park was created and a cenotaph erected in memory of the lads of the 157th battalion who made the supreme sacrifice (1914-1917) The Tottenham Legion, still going strong, has been active ever since. So also has the Beeton Legion. Beeton has now a beautiful Memorial Park and Fair Grounds with a plaque to honour its revered pioneer, D.A.Jones. Also at Bond Head a lovely park was created and a hall erected. Plaques honouring Dr. Osler and the Honourable William Mulock were also erected. The Earle Rowe Memorial Park to the west and north of Alliston, taking in many many acres with a large man-made lake, will serve future generations with every recreational facility. Then too the Pioneer Museum in Alliston has been completed

What a great heritage, what a noble example these early pioneers have bequeathed future generations! May we never forget their great sacrifices and achievements: the clearing of the land, the building of homes and, above all, the high standard of ideals and of morals they set us. Also their great sense of loyalty - truly a noble heritage

and one that must be appreciated safeguarded and maintained by their descendants through the decades, and yes, the centuries to come.

'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray.
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

(Gray)

Cecil Talmage Hayes

son of

George Hayes

and

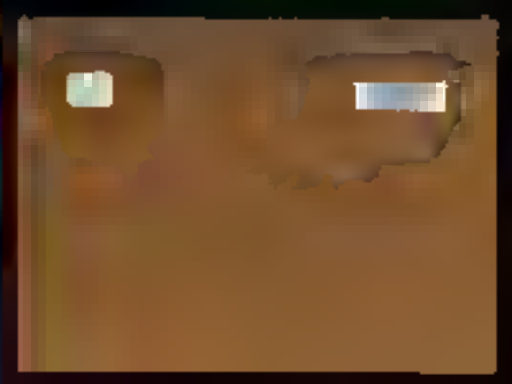
Jane Eliza Tegart

Born in Tecumseh Township, January 6, 1891

Served overseas four years in World War I with C.F.A. and C.A.M.C.

Farmed in Tecumseh near Bond Head from 1919 - 1946, retiring to Victoria, B.C.

3009 Quadra Street
Victoria, B.C.



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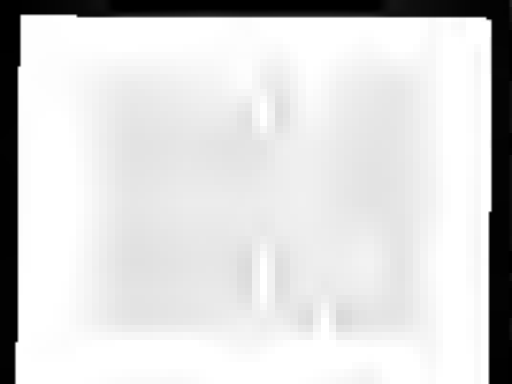

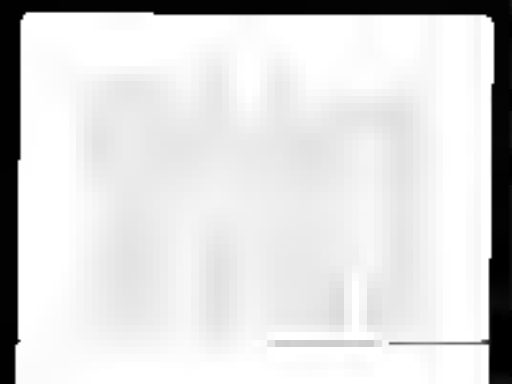

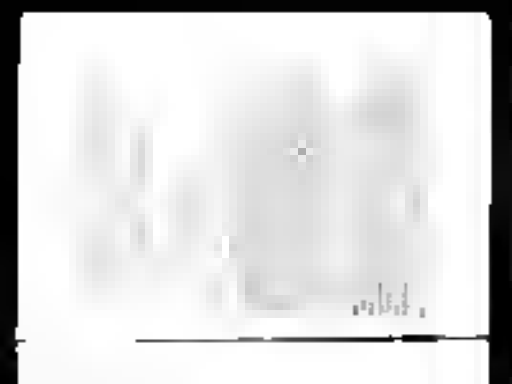

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